The fucking apocalypse happened

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The fucking apocalypse happened

by Applebottomgenz

Summary

After surviving perfectly fine on his own, Will is kidnapped from his home and forced to work for Il Monstro in the remains of Baltimore.

Author apologies for the excessive use of "Good boy"

Characters are aged down - Will's about 18 or 20 (because you lose track of birthdays during a zombie apocalypse) and Hannibal's about 30.

Chapter 1

He met him in the dead of winter while hunting for a deer.

Many of the deer had been poached those first few years. Populations dropped as humans realized the childlike nature of the creatures lended to easy hunting. Those first few winters after the drop were hard and bloody. Every man for himself. Will remembered his dad fighting off hounding city folk for the last cans of beans at the country store. City-folk were horrible, luckily they knew nothing of the land and most of them became the dead in a few weeks.

Deer populations grew back slowly, the art of the hunt now used to poach people rather than animals. But Will's father had taught him the long lost art. Skilled with a bow and arrow, Will could hunt a deer and eat like a king.

Will watched as the deer entered the clearing. His body ached from where he perched in the tree.

He drew the string back, arrow already notched hours ago. His hours of waiting silently, sore and cramped in a tree. He aimed at the deer's chest, it brown fur shimmering against the gray wood. It's large body tempting Will, with its delectable flesh awaiting Will's stomach.

He released the string. The arrow hit it's target and the doe went down. Will scurried down the tree, a grin on his face. He had finally gotten it! He ran to the deer, crouching to inspect his prize. He ran his hands through its fur, the promise of warm flesh beneath.

"Thank you," He whispered to it. It had sacrificed its life in the cold winter. Will would honor it now without waste.

"Dinner looks good," A voice spoke. Before Will had time to draw his knife, he was hit with a rock and his world went dark.

*

He woke up tied to his own bed. His hands were cuffed to either side of the bed frame. Will squirmed until he was sitting upright, kneeling uncomfortably at the top of the bed. His head whipped around, but he could not see his attacker.

He heard sounds in the kitchen, pots being moved and dishes clinking. Terrified, he tried to rip his hand from the cuff, but the metal ring was too tight. It bit into his skin. His eyes watered, but he forced himself to remain quiet. He had to escape.

He suddenly thought of his pack. His two dogs that fiercely guarded him, where were they? His stomach turned, *what if his captor had hurt them* ? He steadied himself on the bed, and let out a soft low whistle.

There was a rustle in the kitchen then two dirty dogs bounded from the kitchen. They leaped on the bed and licked His face and hands happily. Will almost laughed in relief, but a large shadow followed the dogs from the kitchen.

A man stood in the doorway, and if Will wasn't scared out of his mind, he might have found the image comical. The man was tall, with a broad chest and arms. He wore military cargo pants tucked into lace calf high boots. He had a collared shirt with the sleeves rolled to his elbows displaying scarred and powerful forearms. The clothes were worn, but surprisingly not grimy. The comical feature was the man's apron. It was yellow checkered and read 'kiss the cook' in cursive. It had been Will’s mother’s apron, at least that was what his father had told him. His mom and dad were long gone now. The man held Will's red mixing bowl on his hip, looking completely at ease as he stirred its contents.

"You're awake," The man said, his voice lilting with a heavy accent Will had never heard before. Will had not heard many voices other than his father's. They had lived an isolated life.

The man stepped forward threateningly. Will pulled at his cuffs desperately trying to run. Will cried out, "Heel, Guard! Guard!"

In an instant, his dogs were standing around him, hackles raised and growling at the intruder.

The man had the audacity to laugh. Will scowled. The man spoke after gathering his fit of laughter, "They were quite lovable just a moment ago. Gentle as babes, eating from my hand."

The man took something from the bowl, it looked red and slimy: meat. He held it up, speaking to the dogs, "Treat?"

Buster, the betrayer, began whining and wagging his tail. Will's eyes widened, the man was feeding his starving dogs. Half angry, half glad, Will snapped at the wavering animals, "Stay! Guard!" The dogs quieted.

The man looked amused, "You have quite the pack."

Will scowled, "If you take a fucking step closer, I'll tell them to attack."

The man looked less amused, "That is quite rude."

"Fuck you!"

The man's face turned hard. He set the bowl down and from behind his wait he drew a handgun. The metal shone with obvious care that was endowed on it. Will trembled seeing it. The man was very dangerous. Nobody had guns except the powerful warlords, crazy men who hurt others. Who was this man?

"Call off your dogs, or I'll shoot them," The man ordered, pointing the gun.

"Don't!" Will struggled in the cuffs, if only he could get out!

"Call them off now," The man snapped, raising his gun at Winston, "Or the large one gets it first."

"Stop please!" Will begged. He immediately released his dogs, "Heel, finished! Finished! Good boys. Good boys."

Being released from their order, they turned and lapped sloppy kisses on their terrified master.

"Come." The man called the dogs. He dropped a piece of red meat from the bowl on the ground, "Treat."

Will's dogs abandoned him and scampered to the food. The man herded the dogs into the kitchen, luring them with more meat, before closing the door, separating Will from his pack. Will whimpered as the man returned, walking towards the bed, gun still in hand. Will shrunk, trying to hide, but the man grabbed the hair at the back of his head and forced his gaze up.

"You would threaten me?" The man snapped angrily. The gun was pressed against Will temple, "Bad boy."

"No, please, I'm sorry, please. Please don't I'm sorry, I'll do anything– I'm sorry! Please!," Will sobbed. He was going to die here in his bed, without his dogs, by some mad man.

The metal was removed and the grip on his hair slackened. He slumped forward, his head against the mattress, gasping. His arms pulled taunt behind him, still cuffed, kept him from curling into the fetal position.

"Don't ever threaten me again," The man commanded.

Will found himself nodding into the old mattress, his face covered in tears and snot, "I won't, I won't, I promise I won't."

The man's hand came to the back of his head once more. It petted his hair gently, "Good boy."

*

Will passee out from fear and exhaustion, when he woke up, he was curled on his side. He felt a warm, fuzzy body pressed against his stomach. He trailed his hand over it. He realized it was Buster curled against him as he usually did. The little dog enjoyed burrowing under Will for warmth, it reminded him of himself when he had clung to his father during the cold winter nights. Will shifted his feet, feeling for Winton who usually slept at his feet. He felt nothing. Where was he?

"Winston is in the kitchen."

Will jumped at the voice, rolling out of bed, only to be jerk harshly at his wrist. He was cuffed to his bed–

Oh, suddenly he remembered what had happened. The man with the gun. It hadn't been a dream.

He pulled desperately at the chain, now only attached to one wrist, but it only tore at his skin. He whimpered fumbling on the floor.

"Get back in bed," A voice ordered.

Will glanced up, the man was sitting in Will's bed, reading against the bed frame. A small oil lamp was burning beside him on the night table. Will realized with a shock he had been sleeping while the man sat beside him on the bed. He shook his head. He would rather sit on the floor than be near the man.

Buster whined and stared down at him from the warm bed. The little traitor whined and wagged his tail.

"Does Buster usually sleep with you?" The man asked after a moment of Will staying very still on the floor.

"How do you know their names?" Will asked slowly, hating that the man knew his pack.

"They have collars."

Will wanted to slap his palm to his face. Of course they had collars. Will had made sure both the dogs were fitted with something. They even had wood carved name tags that Will had spent hours making. His captor must have looked. Will felt his lip curl at the thought of the man touching his dogs. But there was little he could do.

"I wish their owner had a collar, so I'd know his name," The man said as he turned the page of his book.

"What?" Will asked dumbly.

"What is your name?"

"Fuck you," Will retorted, yanking on the handcuff, causing the metal to clink sharply.

The man man sighed, setting his book down and standing. Will coward as the man strode around the bed and crouched in front of him. Will wanted to lash out, rack his nails across the man's face, but he remembered the gun. He remembered the man's threat to kill his dogs.

His captor ran his hand through Will's hair, before gripping it savagely. Will yelped in pain, his eyes watering at the touch.

"What is your name?" The man asked again, still deadly calm.

"W–Will," he stuttered.

The man's grip relaxed and his hand turned gentle, running through his hair, "Good boy Will."

*

The man did not make him get into bed that night, but eventually Will crawled in himself, his arm aching from where it was twisted harshly to the frame. He perched on the very edge, curled so most of his body was precariously balanced, half on half off. The man didn't comment from where he was snoring lightly under the covers.

Will shivered. He wanted to go under the covers, but that might wake the man. He held onto Buster for warmth.

Will was woken in the morning as the man rose from the bed, Will almost fell backwards off the bed, but managed to stay by gripping the blankets and disrupting Buster's sleep. The dog yapped at him and licked his face.

"You must be hungry," the man spoke, "I'll bring you some food."

"My food," Will muttered unhappily. He had spent days gathering and foraging his winter supply, he canned so much food that his shelves were bending under the load. Dried and salted fish and venison hung in the cellar. His father had taught him how to be sufficient, and Will prided himself at being self-sustaining while a group would flounder the meager supplies. He wondered if the man had butchered the deer yet or if he had left it to rot. Will would curse the man if it wasn't dried and salted properly. That meat was meant to last him until spring. Will clenched his fists, "Thief."

"What did you say?"

Will scowled. He didn't want to get hurt, but he was also terribly angry, "You stole my food."

The man looked amused, "I suppose so. Thank you for preparing it all Will."

Will flinched when the man used his name. They hadn't talk about what would happen after. Would the man kill Will? Was he just waiting to torture him? Was this some sick game? Will had not met many people in his life, of those he had the unfortunate luck of running into, they were vile and cruel.

The man brought him a bowl of soup. It smelled delicious. Fresh chunks of venison floated in the broth with potatoes and carrots from Will's store. Will had never made something so tantalizing. It smelled ungodly delicious.

"Eat," The man ordered.

"I'm not hungry."

"Eat," the man shoved the bowl into his hands. Will inhaled the warm steam. Will wanted to gobble it up, but he couldn't allow himself to take the kindness. This man was threatening him in his own home. He took the bowl, and when the man turned to go back to the kitchen, he flung it with all his might towards the man's back.

The bowl hit and soup splattered across the man's back. The man stilled, his shoulders tense. He turned around slowly, and Will immediately regretted his decision. The man was deadly calm, but Will could tell he was extremely angry. He shrunk away from the man, raising his hand in plee, "Please I'm sorry, I'm sorry!"

The man was upon him. Will's hair was gripped again and he cried out as the man shook him violently.

"You rude and petulant child."

"I'm sorry!" Will begged.

"If you are going to behave like a child, you'll be taught as one." His captor pushed his face into the bed, and Will was trapped on his stomach. Will squirmed under the man's hold, crying and pleading for mercy. But the man ignored him.

He screamed as the man pulled his trousers down, revealing the old worn underwear. A large hand came down hard, with a loud slap. Will screamed, more from the complete humiliation and shock of being spanked, but the man wasn't finished. The hand kept coming down. Each hit stung like hell. Will yelped at each slap, his bottom seared with the pain. Tears streamed down his face. How was this happening?

Eventually after too many spanks to count Will stopped struggling and slumped on the bed. The man's grip on his hair loosened, but the hand continued to pelt his sore cheeks.

Finally, after seeing his fight was over, the man stopped. Will's pants were jerked back on his feeble hips and he was left panting and sobbing on the bed. The man went to the kitchen without another word.

Buster licked his teary face.

*

Will didn't eat for that whole day. The man didn't offer him any food and Will didn't ask. The man let him get up to use the little outhouse attached to the house. Then he was shackled again to the bed.

Night rolled around once more and the man climbed onto the other side of the bed. Will stayed very still and didn't dare to breathe. The man settled in and seemed to fall asleep. During the night, Will's stomach began growling loudly, and he clutched his stomach with his free hand as it shot hunger pains. He groaned unhappily in pain. He hadn't eaten since before the hunt and his body was unhappy with him.

His stomach grumbled again, and this time the man sat up from his sleep. He leaned over Will, making the boy tremble. His voice throaty with sleep, "Are you hungry, Will?"

Will hesitated to answer, but he knew he needed to eat. He nodded silently, not wanting to voice his need.

The man sighed and climbed out of the bed. He returned a bit later with another bowl of food. Will would not throw this one away. He reached for it–

"No," His captor held the bowl away from him, "I'll feed you."

Will pouted, "Please, I'm hungry."

The man held out a spoonful, "And I'll feed you."

Will scowled, but opened his mouth. The spoon with the warm stew was placed on his tongue. He slurped at it greedily before the man pulled it away clean. Will frowned angrily, "More!"

"Patience," The man brought another spoonful up, and Will snapped his mouth around it. The man chuckled, extracting the spoon for another bite. They continued this feeding process with Will getting increasingly angry. Will hated that his captor seemed amused by his desperation. And when the man laughed, "Hungry little thing, aren't you?"

–Will lashed out with his free hand.

He dislodged the bowl, it fell on the bed empty. He almost scratched the man, but he wasn't quick enough. The man caught his hand. He no longer looked amused.

"Do you need to be spanked again?"

Will paled and shook his head frantically. His backside flared whenever he moved. He did not want that. The man stared at him critically but seemed to take his silent answer.

"It is rude to lash out. And it's rude to disrespect your host. If you do that again, I'll cut a switch and make you remember it."

Will whimpered, ducking his face. His father had spanked him when he was a kid, but never often. The world had been too harsh, ending when he was just seven. Despite, living the majority of his life in this hellscape of a world, Will had a good life with few punishments from his father. Now Will was terrified and humiliated from being punished by this older man.

He did not want to be spanked again by his captor. He curled himself into a ball, trying to draw away from the man. "I'm sorry."

His captor released his hand which was immediately snapped protectively back to his chest. The man patted his head. Smoothing his rumpled curls. "Good boy, sleep now."

*

When Will woke in the morning, the man was already up. He was packing supplies in a huge pack. Will's jars were being carefully counted, inventoried, and some were placed back on the shelf or into a box.

Will sat up, watching the man, "What are you doing?"

"Packing," The man answered simply.

"You're going to take all my food?" Will began to panic. He needed all that food to survive, and his captor was going to steal it for himself.

"We will take what we can carry." The man answered calmly.

"We?" Will asked incredulously. The man was going to take him? Will had expected to be left for dead. Or shot in the head, when he lost his amusement for the man. Never did he imagine the man would force him to leave with him.

"Yes. We'll carry the supplies about ten miles north. I have a car and we'll drive back to Baltimore."

"Baltimore?" Will asked stunned. He couldn't believe the man had a car or that he lived in a city. The undead were said to crowd the streets, there was no way through. Was the man taking them on a suicide journey? Will shook his head, "We can't go there! There's too many undead!"

The man chuckled. "Is that what you've been told?"

"That's what I know! Richmond is filled with them!" His father had told him as much, when he was still alive. He had made a run in the city. His father told him to never go there, always stay in the country. That trip had left his father week. Not a mere season later his father was bitten. Cities, Will knew, were not places to go to.

His captor smiled. "Baltimore has its share of the undead, but the Virginia countryside is no sanctuary either."

"It's better than Baltimore!" Will snapped, "I don't want to go with you. Leave me here!"

The man raised his eyebrows, "You seem to think you have a choice."

Will snarled, "I won't go with you!"

The man strode over to him, his height already daunting Will. He drew back in fear, but he remained scowling and defiant.

The man clasped his hands behind his back and sighed. Looking like his worn out father about to give a lecture. "You will go with me. If you stayed here, you would starve in a few weeks or be killed by the hoard headed this way. There are ten thousand dead roaming west and they'll be here in a few days. You should be glad I found you before the hoard did."

Will spit, "Dying is better than being with you!"

The man's jaw tensed, and Will thought he'd be hit again, but the man just stared at him, "You are a stupid child."

"Then leave me and let me die!" Will shouted.

The man barked a short laugh, "You do not want to die Will. Besides, I need you. You seem to have skills that would be useful to me in Baltimore."

"What?" Will sputtered.

The man's hand came down on his head. Will flinched down, but the hand wasn't for violence. Instead it ruffled Will's hair. Will ducked lower finally getting away from the hand. He glared at the man through his messy hair. The man just grinned, "It seems like you know how to preserve food and keep an orderly house. That is a great skill."

"I'm not your fucking servant!" Will growled.

The man grabbed his chin, forcing his gaze up, "Don't curse. That language is disgusting."

"You're disgusting!" Will retorted.

The man let him go, rolling his eyes, "You're a child that never learned his manners."

"And you're a monster that kidnaps and steals," Will snapped.

The man hummed, unbothered.

"You don't even deny it!"

"Monsters are all around, Will, you'll be much safer with me. Besides this is hardly up for discussion. You'll obey what I say."

"Fuck you!" Will shouted.

Hannibal whipped around, his fingers snapping too close to Will's nose. Will flinched back, "Say those words again, and you'll be spanked, do you understand?"

Will cowed, his face reddening, "Fine… Monster."

*

"My name is Hannibal." His captor said, the first words in an hour. The man had been gathering supplies in the large packs, now overflowing with food and supplies.

Will glared at him. Having forced himself to remain quiet for the past hour while the man stole all his things, he wanted to yell and curse at the man. But his sore bottom reminded him that the man had no qualms in carrying through his threats. Plus, he had a gun.

"I think I'll keep calling you monster," Will retorted angrily.

The man sighed, exasperated, "Fine. I don't care, Will."

"Good, *Il Monstro* ," Will said, feeling wickedly satisfied with himself.

Hannibal looked at him curiously, "You know Italian?"

"No. But the only copy of Mary Shelley's Frankenstein I have is in Italian. Dad made me translate the whole thing with a dictionary and there's a lot of monstros in it." Will felt surprised he answered honestly.

The man smiled, "Your father must have had his hands full with you, to make you copy lines."

Will heated angrily. His father had never made him: Will had wanted to. His father had encouraged him, getting the dictionary on one of his few runs for supplies. Hannibal was an asshole for thinking otherwise. Will glared at him, "Don't talk about my dad! You don't know anything!"

Hannibal looked apologetic, "Of course, Will. I do not know your father."

Gaining confidence Will spit, "You don't! And you don't know me because you're a monster! Il fucking monstro. Monstro. Fucking Monstr–"

Will was hit across the face, sending him sprawling. The back of his neck was grabbed with one of the man's hands while the other pulled Will's pants down.

"No!" Will shrieked as he struggled to free himself.

But Hannibal was relentless, and made good on his promise. The large hand came down hard on his bottom. Will jerked and cried in pain, but he could go nowhere with the hand holding his neck.

"I told you no more of that language, Will," Hannibal growled, hitting him again, "You obviously were not taught as a child. I will correct that."

The man alternated hits between Will's two nicely globed ass checks. Ensuring to punish Will's bottom thoroughly and evenly. Hannibal's hand easily covered Will's ass, seeming to delight in pelting the fattest parts the hardest.

Will mewled pitifully at each swat, crying into the blankets. He felt humiliated and exposed. Even though he was still in his underwear, it felt like the man had stripped him bare.

When the spanking was finished, Will assumed the man must have gotten bored or tired of spanking his rump, the man hastily pulled up Will's pants before the boy scurried as far away from the monster as he could.

They each observed each other. Will red and sniffling while shifting uncomfortably as his stinging butt tinged at every movement. Hannibal, tall and strong, his hair in a bit of a disarray from his sudden movements. He too was panting, and shaking his hand as if it stung from its work. *Served him fucking right.*

"I hate you," Will blurted out before he could be reduced to a teary mess.

Hannibal pursed his lips unhappily but said, "You can feel that way, Will. But it's important you learn to obey."

"I hate you," Will repeated, his voice warbling.

Hannibal sighed, turning back to the table where the meticulously packed bundles awaited.

"I'm going to give you your packs. If you want anything… sentimental, you should tell me now."

"I don't want to go with you!" Will cried, finally bursting into tears, "Just leave me alone!"

"No," Hannibal said firmly, "If you stay you will be killed by the hoard. I will not have an innocent's blood on my hands."

"I don't want to," Will sobbed. But it seemed like Hannibal had enough of his begging. He strode over and unlocked the cuff attached to the bed. Will tried to dart, but the man grabbed him, pulling him from the bed. Will fought, but the man dragged him to the table, slamming his chest on the hard wood surface. Hannibal held him in place while dragging a large pack. He forced one arm through a strap then the other, before jerking Will up.

Before Will could think his hands were fastened together in front of him in the cuffs. The giant heavy backpack trapped on his shoulders. Hannibal released him and Will stumbled back from the sheer weight of the pack.

Hannibal shouldered an equally large bag. He looked critically at Will, "Is it too heavy for you?"

Will snarled through his tears, "It's my food!"

"And you'll take it with you," Hannibal said softly, "Now, do you have any personal items?"

Will tried to think of a solution, something to get rid of the man, to escape. But he could think of nothing. Suddenly looking around the small farm house, he was filled with a deep sadness. He was going to be forced to leave his home. He had grown up in these walls. They had kept him safe and warm. His father and him had laughed and worked here. And now it would be all gone.

Will crumpled to his knees, sobbing, "Please– Please let me stay."

He fell forward, the backpack slipping to the side and forcing him to also turn. He curled on the floor weeping and begging incoherently to stay.

"Will," Hannibal called. Will continued crying.

"Will that's enough. We need to leave."

"P-Please let m–"

"No. You and your dogs are coming with me." Hannibal picked up the large box of canned goods and whistled. From the kitchen came Will's two dogs, dragging leashes behind them. Hannibal stooped, taking the leashes.

"Come along, boys," He said before leading the animals out the front door. He looked back at Will from the porch, "I'm leaving Will, come along now."

He left.

Will screamed in frustration and struggled to his feet. He could not stay here. He could not let the man have his dogs. The pack was terribly heavy and Will stumbled to stay upright. It must have been over a hundred pounds. He hurried as quickly as he could put the door into the cold. Hannibal was already down the path.

"Wait!" Will screamed, having forgotten the man had been bent on him coming with him. All he could think about was that Hannibal had his dogs. And there was no way he would let him leave with his dogs. Will had to be with them.

Will finally caught up to where Hannibal had paused at the old fence line. He panted out of breath and shoulders already sore from the heavy bag. "Stop please."

Hannibal looked unimpressed and jerked the dog leashes forward, "We have a long hike, come along."

"Let me have my dogs!" Will demanded jogging to keep up with the man's giant strides.

"No. But I'll reconsider after we've gone five miles."

"I want them now!"

Will tried to reach for the leashes with his bound hands but Hannibal yanked them away before Will was even close. "No, Will. If you want them you will need to keep up, understand?"

Will didn't respond, panting and jogging after the man. He didn't see the man smiling to himself and muttering, "Good boy Will."

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

After five miles of briskly hiking through the Virginia countryside, Will still could not catch up. He lagged behind about 10 yards struggling to keep up with Hannibal who seemed unbothered with the load or the journey.

Hannibal finally stopped near a fallen tree. He put the large box of canned goods down and then watched as Will struggled into the clearing, "We'll rest here for a few minutes."

"M-my–" Will gasped for air, "Dogs."

"You may pet them," Hannibal allowed.

Will fell to his knees exhausted on the frozen ground. He reached for the dogs, calling them desperately, "Winston, Buster come here. Come here boys."

Hannibal held the leashes, but allowed the dogs near enough to the boy for him to pet their fur and receive sloppily kisses. Despite the situation, Will smiled happily. He buried his face in the dogs' coats.

"Don't leave me," He whispered to them. He could survive this world if his dogs were by his.side. He needed them.

All too quickly, his rest ended and Hannibal pulled the dogs away. Will cried out as if he'd been struck when Winston was pulled from his arms, "Please!" He begged, "Let me take them and lead them."

Hannibal shook his head, "No. You're barely keeping up as it is. Your dogs would slow you down."

"They wouldn't! I can keep up, I promise, please," Will begged

"No, Will."

"You're being cruel, you monster!" Will shouted angrily.

"I'm being pragmatic," The man answered calmly, "Now if you demonstrate you can walk at a decent pace and keep up with me, I'll reconsider."

Will scrambled to his feet, almost falling sideways with the weight of the bag, "Fine, but you have to promise."

"Of course, I promise," Hannibal said honestly.

They took off once more, and while Will valiantly tried to match Hannibal's speed, he found himself slipping further behind. When he tried to speed up he would slip on ice or fall in the snow drifts. Eventually it became so hard that Hannibal would have to stop and wait for him to catch up. Thankfully, the monster said nothing. He didn't tease him or mock his slow pace, but continued off without a word when the boy had semi caught up.

Finally they reached their destination. It was a large red truck, hidden under large pine branches and snow. Will collapsed on the nearest snow bank, his legs shaking from the journey. Hannibal quickly removed the truck’s disguise and unloaded his pack into the truck's bed while Will sat shivering and panting. He was too exhausted to put up a fight so he observed. Will saw other supplies, gas, food, tools already neatly organized. Will wondered what group the man belonged to. There was so much stuff, Will could have probably survived with it for a whole year alone.

Once the man finished, he put Will's dogs in the truck's cabin, in the back seats. He turned to Will, "Do you want to sit in the front seat or the back?"

"With the dogs," Will answered.

Hannibal drew out the cuff's key, "Don't do anything foolish."

Will nodded, "I just want my dogs."

Hannibal unlocked one wrist. Keeping a tight hold on Will, the huge backpack was slipped off his shoulders and rested with a thunk on the ground. Hannibal loaded him into the truck, snapping the free ring on the door handle, so Will was securely chained. Will didn't want to think about his new imprisonment, all he wanted was to pet his dogs. He grabbed his tired but happy pets and pulled them into a hug.

"There's a water bottle in the seat pocket. Drink and let the dogs drink as well," Hannibal ordered before closing the door. The lock clicked into place.

Will wasted no time finding the water, already parched from the journey. He gulped down half the bottle before he began to think about the journey to Baltimore and his dog's. He poured the water into a cupholder. His dogs greedily lapped up the water. Will made sure Buster didn't hog all the water, letting Winston drink. Winston was an older dog and Buster was very greedy. Will had to make sure the little dog didn't hog everything from his longtime best friend.

After they had drank to their contentment, Will kept Winston near, taking and giving heat in the cramped back seat. Buster was far too busy looking out the window, tail wagging, at the monster. Will was happy to be out of the weather, but he wondered when Hannibal would start the car. It was still freezing.

Hannibal seemed occupied outside, loading and securing the packs. When he had finished he had begun chopping wood with a huge ax. Will Will watched in amazement as the man split logs in minutes that would have taken him hours to complete. Once a decent pile of logs were cut. Hannibal loaded them in the back of the truck along with the giant ax. He closed the truck's back and got in the front seat. Will had been shackled to the opposite seat in the back. Making it impossible to reach the man, even if he tried to attack him. Hannibal threw a blanket from the front seat back to Will, "Stay warm back there."

Will gratefully took the blanket. It was cold inside and outside. He wrapped himself under the blanket best he could. He kept his face out, so he could watch Hannibal. He didn't want to chance the possibility of the man attempting to kill his dogs or him for that matter.

The truck rumbled to life, and pulled onto the decrepit county road.

*

"How much longer?" Will groaned. He was beginning to feel claustrophobic stuck in the back seat for what felt like hours.

"Longer. The highways are all blocked off, we have to enter the city on the smaller streets," The man explained.

"I have to pee," Will whined.

Hannibal sighed, "Use the water bottle."

"No!" Will snorted in disgust. He did not want to pee in the car. Much less where the man could see him in the mirror, "Just pull over! I won't run, I promise."

Hannibal grunted, but the car slowed and he pulled off to the side. He climbed out of the car, slamming the door, clearly displeased. Will's door was jerked open and Will fell from the car as his wrist was yanked along with the door. He fell right into the monster's arms who propped him up quickly. "Stand up," Hannibal ordered gruffly.

Will was unsteady on his feet, but he forced himself to still as the man unlocked the ring from the door, and dragged him away from the car. They walked a little past the edge of the woods when Hannibal stopped, "Go."

Will stared at the man standing just at his shoulder, "I can't go with you right there."

"Well I'm not leaving you," Hannibal snorted, his grip tightening.

Will rolled his eyes, "Just cuff me to a tree, I promise I won't run, please?"

Will knew he won when the man sighed with exasperation, "Fine. Remember, I'll kill your dogs if you do anything."

Will swallowed. He hadn't been planning on doing anything, but the man's threats were no joke. He promised, "I won't."

The man dragged him over to a young tree about three inches in diameter. He snapped the ring around it, pulling at it to ensure it held. Even though it was small, there was no way Will would be able to pull it from the ground or break its trunk. Not that he wanted to run away. Not without his dogs.

Hannibal grabbed his chin, forcing his gaze, "I'll give you three minutes. Be finished by then."

Will wanted to protest but the man was already walking away. Will hurriedly undid his pants, struggling with just one hand. Finally he got himself out and went, yellowing the snow in the quiet winter air. He zipped himself up and waited impatiently for his captor to return.

Suddenly, a branch snapped further off in the woods. Will froze, his eyes searching amid the shadowy trees. He saw a movement. He hoped and prayed it was a deer. But the figure stumbled out of the bramble, rotting and smelly. It groaned and shrieked as it spotted Will chained to the tree.

Will pulled at the cuffs, terror racing through him. The undead was tripping and scrambling near, its jaw unhinged with hunger. Will shrieked as he found himself trapped with nowhere to run and no way to defend himself. He screamed, "HELP! HELP ME PLEASE!"

The zombie was just a few yards away, breaking through the underbrush.

"HANNIBAL! PLEASE YOU HAVE TO HELP ME! PLEASE!"

Will twisted around the ring. Putting the young sapling between him and the monster. He focused all his attention on his shackled wrist. Knowing what he had to do. He took the trapped hand's thumb and twisted as hard as he could.

Snap.

Then blinding pain–

But his thumb was limp, dislocated. He screamed as he pulled his hand through, the skin around his wrist breaking and bleeding, but he slipped free.

He stumbled backwards, but the zombie was upon him. It snarled in his face as it held him down, trying to sink it's jaws in him. He grappled with it by its hair and ear, keeping its foaming mouth just far enough away. But the hair was pulling from the skull and the skin the ear was attached to was loose and wagging. The zombie was tearing itself apart to get at him.

"HANNIBAL!" Will screamed in one last final effort, knowing the zombie was about to devour him.

A gunshot rang out and the zombie slack. The hair tore and the ear slid off and the body dropped on Will. Will screamed, rolling the body off him and scrambled away. He retched, his stomach emptying its contents, unable to handle the horror and near death.

He lay on the ground stunned, in his own vomit, just trying to catch his breath. He wasn't aware of his surroundings, it was like the world had gotten quiet. Will was in shock. He had been in a few scruffles with zombies, but never had he felt so utterly helpless and weak. He would have died. He would be one of them.

He was forced back to reality, by a voice, "Did it bite you? Will, can you hear me? Did it bite you?"

Will blinked upward, finally seeing Hannibal, still brandishing his pistol and looking around wearily. Will burst into tears, unable to control his panic at the situation. God, he had almost died.

"Did it bite you!?" Hannibal snapped angrily. Will sobbed, shaking his head. He didn't think it had.

"Strip. I need to be sure." Hannibal ordered.

Will choked a sob, he knew it had to be done, but he was terrified of the man. Terrified he had been bitten. Hannibal would shoot him in the head just as he had done the rotting corpse. There was little standing in the way of Will's untimely death. He raised his hands to the buttons on his jacket. But his hands were shaking too hard and he couldn't unclasp them. He tried again, but cried out as his thumb was jarred painfully. He hunched over, cradling his broken hand, sobbing from the pain now hitting him as the adrenaline drained.

"What did you do?" Hannibal asked, kneeling beside him.

"Br–Broke," Will blubbered, trying to shield his hand.

Hannibal sighed and grabbed the boy's hand, "Let me see."

He inspected the thumb, dangling limp and the bloody wrist. He tisked unhappily, bandaging the wrist in a handkerchief. "Stupid boy," He muttered.

Will wanted to tell him off. To yell that it wasn't his fault the zombie had attacked him. But he was distracted by a flaring pain as Hannibal snapped the dislocated thumb back into place.

He screamed seeing white for a moment. Will blinked past the the pain, finding Hannibal wrapping the hand in a makeshift bandage, "You've broken your thumb. Don't try to use it."

Will's hand did feel better, even though it hurt like hell. Will want to curl up in self pity and hurt, but Hannibal was intent on checking him over. Hannibal carefully undid his buttons, stripping Will of his jacket and then his flannel and finally his shirt. The cold bit harshly at Will's pale skin and he shivered, but said nothing. Hannibal examined every inch of him for any bite marks. Running his hands up and down the boy's torso, brushing over the goosebumped skin. Luckily for Will, Hannibal found no injury.

He pulled Will to his feet and all Will wanted to do was go back to the truck and hold his dogs. He took a hesitant step in the truck's direction, but Hannibal tugged him back and Will rested against the man's warm chest. Hannibal's hands run soothingly up and down his back.

"We're not finished."

The man's hands went to his pants and Will whimpered pitifully, "No–"

But the monster was already pulling his jeans down and then his underwear was slipped off.

"No," Will gasped in horror and shame. Will tried to shrink and cover himself, but the man just pulled his hands away. He bent to inspect Will's body, his hands touching and prodding. Will found himself in shock and sputtering, "P-Please stop, please."

His socks and shoes were taken and discarded. The man finally seemed content, and nodded at him, "Ok, let's get you back to the truck."

As if released from a trance, Will tried to scramble for his clothes, but was jerked backwards by a harsh grip, "Those are contaminated. We'll get you something else."

Alarmed, Will fought against the man, "No! They're my clothes! I want them!"

But his efforts were in vain as he was dragged, naked, away.

*

Hannibal had to throw him in the truck, kicking and screaming. He didn't put the handcuffs back on, to which Will was grateful. His wrist was badly injured and metal would only irritate the wound. But he also didn't give him clothes. He only tossed Will another blanket once he was locked in the cabin, which Will immediately wrapped around himself. They had driven off without another word.

He sat as far away from the man as he could in the far corner of the back seat. He glared daggers at the back of the man's head, imagining the multiple ways he might bludgeon the man with his own two hands. His dogs noticed his irritation and whimpered and pawed at him. Will ignored them. He was in the middle of smashing Hannibal's brains.

"I will get you clothes." The monster said finally.

"I had clothes," Will snapped.

"They were covered in that gore. You could have been accidentally infected."

"I don't care, they were mine!" Will was being foolish. He knew the zombie's blood was infected. If he had been on his own, he would have burned the clothes. But right now, he was angry at the man for stealing his dignity. He had a rage in his body and he wanted to take it out on Il Monstro.

"You're being childish," The man retorted.

"I hate you!" Will snarled.

"I saved your life. You should be thanking me," The man replied evenly, though his jaw was tense.

"You kidnapped me! You monster! I was fine without you!" Will yelled.

"You're acting like a child," Hannibal muttered, his grip tightening on the wheel.

"I'm not! I'm acting like somebody WHO'S FUCKING PISSED OFF AT ALMOST FUCKING DYING!"

The breaks screeched to a stop, and Hannibal turned in his seat, "If you don't calm down–"

"I AM CALM! I'm fucking calm. I almost DIED and I'm FINE!"

"Enough shouting, Will," Hannibal ordered.

"I want my clothes!" Will demanded.

Hannibal stopped the car and climbed out. Will watched him nervously and angrily as the man dug through the truck bed. Will could slip away. The man was distracted and the door was unlocked. But he was naked and it was gray and frozen outside. He would freeze in an hour.

The man seemed to find what he was looking for and trudged over the Will's door. Will scooted to the other side, not wanting to be anywhere near the monster. Hannibal opened the door and threw in clothes. Will stared at them. Half pleased, half shocked the man was actually giving him clothes.

"Put them on," He ordered.

Will grabbed them. There was an old sweatshirt, with some faded college name, and a pair of running shorts, both probably too big for him. He quickly slipped the sweatshirt on. Under the blankets, he shimmied the shorts up his waist. He couldn't contain a sigh of relief at no longer being naked.

"You'll stop your tantrum now?" Hannibal asked coolly.

"It's not a tantrum!" Will snapped. He was pleased with having clothes, his rage was less, but he needed to feel angry with Hannibal.

"You will have more clothes when we get to Baltimore," Hannibal said.

Will sniffed, "I don't fucking care."

Hannibal's eyes narrowed, "Don't use that language Will."

"I almost fucking died– I don't care what you think!"

Hannibal's eyes softened, "You're scared."

"I'm not fucking scar–"

"You're scared and in shock," The man stated definitively.

"I'm not!"

"You are, and I'm not going to try to reason with you until you can stop this fit. I'm not an enemy, Will," He slammed the door closed.

*

Will covered his head with the blanket and laid on the seat. He was exhausted and angry and terrified. The further the car traveled the less Will recognized. They had passed the furthest point of his wanderings hours ago, and the landscape was becoming unfamiliar and alien. Will hated not knowing, so he covered his face and pretended not to care.

Chapter End Notes

Ten chapters of this story are currently written, will posted them weekly :)

Chapter 3

Will woke with a start as the blanket was ripped from him. He scrambled to sit up. Winston growled at his master's agitation, and Buster, the little traitor, just barked.

Hannibal stood outside the car, waiting for him. He tossed him a pair of socks, "The floor is cold, you'll want those."

Will managed to pull them on with one hand, his dislocated thumb and bloody wrist, making his one hand out of commission. He clambered out of the car, for Hannibal to arrest his arm in a death grip. The dogs followed him.

They were inside. In a garage. Will could not see where, but it seemed to be residential. like one of those houses in the great sprawling neighborhoods that burned when Will was young. Will had sometimes walked through the chard houses, looking at dusty photographs and remainets of another time. But he had never seen one like this: clean and fresh.

Hannibal dragged him through a door, slamming the door to the garage closed. From his waist, Hannibal drew a ring of keys. He expertly selected the correct one and locked the door. They continued as Will wondered how he might steal the keys from the monster. If he could get them, he could get the truck, and then run wherever he'd like. He just had to get those keys. But for now he was stuck.

They were in a fancy house. Much nicer than any home Will had broken into, he wondered if all city houses were this nice. The walls were freshly painted, no peeling wallpaper or yellow flaking paint. The floors were clean– so clean they shined with their reflection. Will was glad he had socks, he was sure his bare feet would leave tracks. There also seemed to be no dirt or dust anywhere. None of the pictures on the wall were faded or covered in filth. Everything was clean.

He was taken down a hall and to a grand staircase. Most wooden staircases had rotten through, but this one looked new, like something out of a picture book. Will didn't have time to admire it, he was swept up the stairs, his captor intent on their destination. They arrived at a door (locked of course), and Hannibal released his arm. Will thought about bolting but the man would catch him in a heartbeat. He thought about attacking the man, but Hannibal was

physically bigger (and stronger) and Will's hand was injured. Will shifted nervously, there was no way he'd win that fight. He needed to bid his time for the opportunity.

Hannibal unlocked the door, using some key he had miraculously selected from the chain. How the man kept track of them all was a mystery.

"Let's get you some clothes," the man said, before opening the door.

The door swung open, and Will was met with the stench of mothballs. He wrinkled his nose in disgust, "Goss."

But Hannibal dragged him inside, "You should be glad for the smell. They keep the bugs away."

Will knew that. He knew many clothes were eaten into and difficult to replace. But admitting Hannibal was right about anything was impossible. So Will just huffed unhappily.

The room had once been an old bedroom, but was now filled with all sorts of wardrobes and dressers. Around the room were long metal poles. Hung organized with tags and clothing bags were so many types of clothes Will's jaw fell open. He wandered into the room, touching the silk fabrics, the soft cashmere, the airy linens.

"Did you steal all of this?" Will gasped in awe.

Hannibal chuckled, "I didn't steal anything. I only… collected what was left."

Will snorted, "You looted."

"Hardly," Hannibal sniffed indignantly, "These clothes would have rotten or been eaten. I saved them to be repurposed."

"There's so many," Will's fingers glided over an intricately woven robe. He liked it instantly. There were animals embroidered on it, birds and dragons. It was memorizing.

"That kimono is from 17th century Japan. Nearly four hundred years old."

Will ripped his hand away, staring stunned at it, "Four hundred? How? How did you get it?"

"The Baltimore Museum of Art has been closed for more than ten years. Their patrons are dead. I decided to re-home several of their choice pieces," Hannibal explained.

"Dad said everyone looted the banks and stores. Looking for food and riches, but you went to a museum?"

Hannibal opened a dresser, "I was young when the drop happened. Not so young as you," He winked, "But while the world outside burned I wandered much of the coast exploring desolate museums and historical sites. America has a less rich history, than say, Europe, Africa, or Asia, but I couldn't complain."

He pulled out a couple packages and several pants and shirts, "You may have the kimono."

Will shook his head, "It's so old…"

"Hardly. It's only a few centuries. Wear it. It'll only rot without being seen or used. Better for you to wear something fine."

Will touched the fine silk robe. It was beautiful to feel and touch. But it was from Hannibal. The monster who had stolen everything from him. He glared at the kimono feeling less love for it.

Will whipped around and snapped, "It would be better if I had my own fucking clothes!"

Hannibal glared at him, the stack of clothes in his arms, "Don't be rude, Will. I've warned you about that language."

"I'm not being rude! I'm angry! I'm fucking angry!" Will yelled. He knew it was a stupid thing to do, but he ripped the kimono from its hanger and threw it on the floor. He wanted to stomp on it and rip it apart but Hannibal swept it from the ground.

The older man looked hurt. He smoothed out the fabric. Gently touching the embroidered stitches. He reverently placed it on a dresser– away from Will– before turning to address him in a low cold voice. It sent chills down Will's spine. "I tried to give you a gift, and you throw it away like trash. You spit upon the treasure because your childish brain cannot separate your frustration–"

"Frustration?!" Will repeated, the man the audacity to call their situation frustrating.

"– And reality. Stop fantasizing about revenge. You'll get nowhere."

"I'd get away from you!" Will hissed.

The man strode over to him. Will tried to scurry away, but the monster grabbed his arm and yanked him towards the door, "Unfortunately Will, you are not getting away from me."

"No!" Will yelled, trying to fight the man. Wherever they were going, Will didn't want to go. He dug in his heels and tried to twist from the man's grip, but it was useless. The man was too strong. Will was dragged down the hallway to another room. It was another bedroom, with a small bed frame and a bare mattress. The man flung him inside, and Will tumbled to the ground. He blindly scrambled away, and thankfully the monster didn't follow him.

He looked up at the man, Hannibal was eyeing him coldly from the doorway, "You may stay in here until I'm ready for you. I'm disappointed Will, I would have liked to show you the

house."

With that he slammed the door closed and slid the bolt into place. Will leaped to his feet and rushed to the door. It was indeed locked and no matter how much he screamed or banged on the door, it did not open.

*

After tiring himself out from banging on the door. He quickly took purchase of the room. It was small and bare. It had a window, but it was covered with wooden planks. The only light came from the slits between the wood near the top of the window. He tried pulling the wood free, but only managed to give himself splinters. He tried pulling the bed over so he could look out the holes near the top, but the bed was bolted to the floor.

The heat in his belly fueling his rage diminished and soon he was just cold. Because it was cold. Will was shivering, curled in a tight ball on the bed. He huddled on the bare mattress. The cold seemed to creep from every direction, slipping between the cracks and piercing Will's skin from every direction. He wished for his dogs and their warm furry bodies. He wished for his stove, filled with burning firewood. Or his fireplace, roaring and singeing his face.

He had no idea how long he had been in the room, but the room was quickly darkening with the faded outside light and the chill was climbing his spine. When he heard footsteps outside the door, he sat up. He needed to get out of here. Even if it meant playing nice with a fucking monster.

The door swung open, "Have you thought about your actions?"

No. Fucking asshole.

"Yes, I'm sorry for yelling." Will answered meekly from the bed.

"Good. Come along. Dinner is ready."

Will scrambled out of bed, his feet numb with cold. He followed the man out of the room and back down the stairs. It was immediately warmer here, but Will still hugged himself, fighting the chill.

They arrived in a big room. It had a big fireplace, with a fire roaring and crackling. Will didn't care about following the man. He darted to the fire, falling in front of it as he tried to bring feeling back into his hands.

A bark pulled him from his revelry. Winston and Buster were there resting by the fire and Will laughed with gladness at seeing his dogs. He pulled them into a hug, burying his face in their fur.

"Winston. Buster. Come." A sharp voice commanded. To Will's despair, the dogs bounded away from him to Hannibal. The man set two bowls down near the dogs, "Good boys."

Will scowled as his dogs gobbled up the food. The little traitors. But his heart grew soft as he looked at their skinny frames. They had been starving. Will was glad they were eating, but he didn't have to be happy about it.

Hannibal called to him next, "Will, come here. Dinner is ready."

Will stood hesitantly, not wanting to leave the warmth of the fire, but Hannibal gestured at him, "Come on, Will. Or the food will get cold."

Will went, turning red when his captor said, “Good boy,” like he’d praised the dogs.

Hannibal led him to a dining room, right off from the living room, the fire warming both of the rooms. Hannibal had an oil lamp burning on the table, where two places were set. Will's mouth drooled as he saw the thick slices of meat. Will rush to sit next to the man. He grabbed the meat with his free hand and tore a hunk from it.

A hand smacked his, and he dropped the meat back on the plate. "Wha–" Will gasped startled, mouth full with the meat.

"Don't eat with your hands, Will. That's quite unsanitary."

Will rolled his eyes and grabbed his fork. There was no knife, damn it. But even if there had been, he doubted he could have wielded it with his mishappened hand. He stabbed the meat and tore another piece with his mouth. Hannibal scrunched his nose in disdain and carefully cut his meat with his fork *and knife* .

Will snorted, his mouth full.

"What?" Hannibal asked, bringing another delicately cut slice to his mouth. Even the way he chewed was fucking pretentious.

"You think I'm uncouth," Will grumbled, mouth full, with sauce dripping down his chin.

Hannibal raised his eyebrows, "I'm surprised you have language past grunting, being raised half feral."

"I wasn't raised feral," Will growled, stabbing his fork viciously into his meat.

Hannibal chuckled, "Careful you might break the china."

Will scowled but didn't say anything. He was too absorbed with getting as much food into his stomach as possible. Who knew when the man would turn psycho and start starving him for fun.

"Tell me about yourself, Will," Hannibal asked casually after a while.

"Nothing to know," Will grumbled, "Won't be here long."

"You're staying here, Will. Please speak. God forbid we become friendly."

Will stopped eating. He wanted to spit at the man. Instead he pointed his fork threateningly at Hannibal, "I will never be your friend. You're a fucking monster."

Hannibal put his utensils down, wiping his mouth on the dark cloth napkin. He gave Will an intense look, "I have told you before not to use that language, now kindly lower your fork please. You need to eat, you're too thin."

Will didn't know what compelled him, but he snarled and leapt forward, tackling Hannibal to the ground. He managed to sink the fork into the man's stomach, but he had no idea if it pierced the man through his clothes. He didn't wait to find out, he was on his feet and running towards what he assumed was the front door. He called for the dogs, hoping they were at his heels. He saw the door and rushed to it.

"WILL!" His captor yelled, sounding too close.

Will turned the bolt free and the handle was free, he pulled at the door– but it didn't budge. Will screamed in frustration, pulling with all his might. It didn't move.

"Will, stop this," A voice commanded directly behind him.

Will whipped around, and there was Hannibal, looming over him, face hard and angry. Will tried to bolt around him, but he was caught. He screamed and beat his fists against the monster until his arms were arrested behind him. He was forced to the ground. He squirmed helplessly on his belly, but the man straddled his back, keeping him in place.

"The only exits from his house are from the roof or–"

"Get off!!" Will screamed

"through the garage. All other entrances have been blocked–"

"Fuck you!"

"Your stupid decision has lost us both dinner–"

"Get off you bastard! Get the fuck off me!"

"I'm afraid your attitude is not appropriate for civilized company."

"You fucking asshole!" Will tried to kick, but he only managed to hit the ground, bruising his knees.

"That's quite enough, Will," Hannibal said coldly. His grip on his arms tightened and he pulled Will's bent arms up sharply, making Will scream in pain. He bit his tongue and sobbed at the hurt.

Hannibal allowed his arms some rest, though still holding them in a fast grip, "Are you finished?"

Will just cried. He couldn't think of a way out. All he wanted was the world to go back to how it had been two days ago. He wished he never met this man. He wished he never went hunting. He wished he had starved.

Hannibal jerked his arm once more, causing the pinched muscle to scream. Will cried out, hoping the man would just kill him soon.

"Are you finished fighting?" The man repeated.

Will nodded quickly, "Y–yes, please stop. P–please."

The man lowered his arm, and the pain receded. "You've been unfathomably rude, Will. I expected better."

Will sniffled into the ground. The man released the arm with the injured hand and Will quickly curled it against his body for safety. Hannibal's hand rested on the back of his neck, and Will keened under the weight. He knew Hannibal was strong enough to crush his bones or snap his neck. Why did he attack the man in the first place? Why was he so stupid?

He found himself muttering and crying, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry," on repeat.

The hand holding his neck began stroking it, and Will heard the monster's soft hushes, "Shh, darling. I know, you were scared. You're alright now. I've got you."

He was released only to be pulled into strong arms. He was cradled against the man's warm chest. And even though Will wanted to escape and claw himself away. He couldn't stop crying in Hannibal's arms. So instead, he hid his face in the man's chest, hoping to God, his father never found out how weak he'd become.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will woke up on a couch, a fire roaring before him in a fireplace. It would be nice if he didn't sense the foreboding entity awaiting.

"You've been asleep for about an hour," Hannibal said, he was sitting in a chair beside the fire, sipping from a glass.

Will didn't move. He was terrified of what would happen. He had tried to fucking kill the man and run away. Would Hannibal see sense and kill him now? He sunk lower into the cushions, wanting to disappear.

"You're obviously scared," Hannibal said after a moment, "I suppose that's partially my fault."

Yeah, asshole, it's fucking your fault .

"I had hoped you would be more *agreeable* to the situation. But then again, I never told you my plan. I shall tell you now, and I hope this lessens your fears."

Hannibal adjusted, settling more comfortably into the chair, "I don't wish to kill you. I meant what I said, I don't enjoy spilling innocent blood." Hannibal said matter of factly, "Now as for your place in my home, I have *endeavors* I'd like to pursue. But I'm unable to follow my hobbies if I'm constantly working to survive."

"You want a slave," Will whispered, not daring to speak any louder than necessary.

"No," Hannibal disagreed quickly, "I want a companion and a helper. Not a slave. We would assist one another to survive. Together, we'd be able to flourish. Two hands are better than

one, four hands would be unstoppable."

"I don't want to help you," Will snapped, though he shrunk against the couch as soon as he had said it.

"You're not seeing reason Will." Hannibal said with a sigh, "You are still very young, and though I find it endearing, you do not think through your actions. I find myself wanting to teach you."

"I'm an adult," Will said softly, “Eighteen winters. Maybe more.”

Hannibal chuckled, "Still a teen. You lack any social manners or critical thinking. Which you are not responsible for, this world ended and failed most of humanity. You bear too much of its cruelty and brokenness."

"So you're going to somehow fix me?" Will muttered.

Hannibal's eyes glinted in the darkness, "Yes. I will see your *becoming* through. And in the meantime you will help me with various chores around the house, preparing food, and, if you're capable, clearing the undead."

"So a slave." Will restated unamused.

"No," Hannibal answered with a sigh, "You've spoken of a father. Did you not live with your father? You two worked together to live, I assume? I want something like that– a family if you'd like."

"A family that obeys your every word in fear of retribution?" Will scoffed.

Hannibal frowned, "I don't want you to fear me. I want you to respect and listen to me."

"Sounds like blind obedience to me."

Hannibal rubbed his eyes, "You are a delightful debater Will, but if you must call it obedience. Then do so. It will be what is best for you always."

"I doubt that," Will muttered.

"I don't expect you to agree immediately, and I understand respect will come in time, until then I will instruct you."

Will shivered. Hannibal used the words teach and instruct like they were ordinary things, but Will's arm and back still stung from Hannibal's unorthodox "teachings".

"First, things first, it's late and we need sleep. I hate the cold, and have my bedroom in the library to be close to the fire. You'll join me. The rest of the house will be freezing. We shall keep each other warm beneath the blankets."

Will paled and scurried to the end of the couch. He shook his head trembling, "No. I don't want to."

Hannibal hummed and stood, "I'm not asking for your opinion Will."

Will shrunk against the side of the couch, "I don't want to. You'll hurt me."

Hannibal frowned, "I'm not going to hurt you. We are going to bed. Now come along, or do you need help?"

When Will didn't move, Hannibal strode over and pulled him from the couch. Will gave a little scream, he had no idea what to do. Hannibal dragged him from the living room, through

a door to the library, which shared the large adjourning fireplace with the other room. There was a large bed sitting in the center of the room, with books piled on shelves all around. Will would be interested in the books if not for the fear and anger inside. He screamed again pulling away.

"I don't want to!”

Hannibal paused, looking slightly annoyed. He grabbed Will's face in his hands, "There is nothing to fear. This is not a punishment."

Will jerked his face away from the man. Hannibal sighed impatiently and dragged him to the bed. He forced him to sit but Will slid off, a crumpled mess on the ground.

"This is ridiculous, Will. Stop fighting," Hannibal ordered, tugging at his arm.

Will shook his head, and he hugged himself, “Don't touch me. Please."

Hannibal released him and Will let out a shuddered breath of relief when the monster was no longer touching him anymore. However the man was beside him, kneeling on the ground, "I would never hurt you Will."

Will knew that was a lie. Maybe somewhere in the mad man's head hurting meant something different. Maybe hurting didn't include touching him. But it seemed like every touch from the man stung.

"Will," Hannibal's soft voice broke the thoughts, "We are just sleeping darling."

"Let me sleep on the ground," Will whimpered.

Hannibal sighed, "No."

"You want to hurt me," Will accused, voice shaking.

"No, Will," Hannibal took a hold of his arm again, "I don't want to hurt you, but I don't particularly want you to stab me in the night. You'll sleep near me so I can watch over you."

"No!" Will tried to scramble away, but Hannibal had him around the waist and was lifting– "Stop!"

He was thrown on the bed. He tried to crawl to the other side but Hannibal grabbed him by the ankle and he was dragged back kicking and screaming. A large weight pressed him against the sheets, he felt like he was suffocating.

"Calm down," Hannibal cooed, cressing his hair. Will Kicked and fought, but nothing would free him. He tried scratching and biting, but nothing worked.

"Get off me," Will weazed.

Hannibal chuckled, "No. We'll sleep like this."

"No! Get off– Ugh–" Will's protests were cut off as the monster held his face down on the pillows. Hannibal let him after a moment, Will gasped for air.

"Quiet. Go to sleep like a good boy."

"No–" Will's protests were halted as the man pushed his face back into the pillows. It was suffocating and terrifying.

Hannibal spoke calmly in his ear, while Will struggled to breathe, "I can make you pass out, or you can be a good boy and obey. What's it going to be?"

Will hated himself, but he stopped struggling. Hannibal released his head and he could breathe again. Will gasped and sputtered but laid still beneath the monster. He hated this, but he was terrified Hannibal would suffocate him into unconsciousness. So, he was silent and still in Hannibal's arms.

"Good boy," Hannibal murmured. The man kissed his hair and Will wanted to kick out but controlled himself. Hannibal's arms slid around him and he was captured in the man's arms. "Go to sleep, my good boy."

Will snarled silently, but didn't move.

Will had not wanted to fall asleep enclosed in the monster's big rugged arms. He had been determined to stay awake and slip from the man's grip as soon as it lessened from sleep. But the arms did not release as the man's breath slowed. They seemed to lock hold of Will more firmly. And not being able to move, Will was forced to endure the warmth and the soothing rise and fall of the man's chest pressed against his back.

It was so warm, the bed so soft. The man's constant slow rhythmic breathing pulling him towards sleep. Will's eyes dropped and he couldn't keep them open. And soon enough he was fast asleep.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for all the comments and kudos. :)

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Breakfast is ready."

Will woke up hearing the words. He was engulfed in delightfully warm blankets. He felt more rested than he had in a long time.

However, he wasn't stupid. He remembered the monster's body pressing him down. He snarled and threw off the blankets. He made to leap from the bed but was jerked backwards by his good wrist. He turned. He was once more chained to the bed. This time the handcuff was padded and the length of the chain was longer, about two feet.

"I thought you might wake in a bad mood." Hannibal stood in the doorway, an amused look on his face.

"Let me go!" Will demanded.

Hannibal shook his head, "I think we'll have breakfast in bed."

"Let me go!" Will yelled, while he pulled at the chain and kicked the blankets in a disarray.

Hannibal tisked, "None of that."

Will focused on tearing his hand from the cuff, but Hannibal had tightened it incredibly small, there was barely any room for his wrist to twist. He didn't particularly want to break his other thumb, but was considering it as the monster leered above him.

"Are you finished?" Hannibal asked.

Will scowled, "Leave me alone."

Hannibal sat on the edge of the bed and held out his hand.

"Look."

Will did so unwillingly.

Hannubal had a large brown egg. Will's eyes widened. He had never seen an egg so big. He had loved foraging for the delicious blue robin eggs and searching the thickets for nests of other birds. His father had spoken fondly about eggs and bacon. Will wondered if this was eggs and bacon. He'd never seen an egg like that. "Is that an ostrich egg?"

Hannibal laughed, "No, just a chicken egg."

"Chicken?" Will asked in awe. He had only seen them in picture books. His father had talked about them fondly. Will had thought they all were eaten and extinct.

"Yes, I have a hen house on the roof. Here, eat." Hannibal pressed the egg into Will's hand. Will drew it close, inspecting it. It felt heavier than he pictured. It was warm too.

"Is–is there a chicken in here?" Will wondered.

"No, it's hard boiled," Hannibal explained.

Will had no idea what that meant, so he continued to hold the egg like it would break if he breathed wrong. Hannibal drew out another egg from his pocket and promptly smashed it on

his knee.

Will gasped in shock, expecting liquid egg matter to splatter everywhere. Strangely none appeared. He scooted closer to the monster, curious as to why the egg wasn't all over Hannibal's pant leg.

"How…?" He watched as Hannibal picked the shell off the egg. He had no idea how this was possible. He crept closer, watching as a white egg appeared beneath the brown. He gasped in amazement, "It's another egg!"

Hannibal chuckled, "Not quite. The insides have been cooked in boiling water. See?" Hannibal showed him the white egg, the white was not hard like the shell. It was soft and squishy. Will reached to grab the egg and inspect it but Hannibal moved it away, "Be a good boy and eat yours."

Will looked at his own egg, he didn't know how to open it. Hannibal had crushed it on his leg, but Will didn't trust that the insides would be solid. He raised it to his mouth, ready to break the shell with his teeth as he did in the forests when he drank the liquid from the Robin's eggs.

Hannibal snatched the egg away, "What are you doing?"

"Give it back!" Will protested.

"Don't bite it with your teeth," Hannibal frowned, "The egg shells can be sharp. You could hurt yourself."

"Give it back! I'm hungry!" Will yelled, angry that the very interesting food was being taken away just as he was getting invested.

"Here," Hannibal handed him the soft white egg, "Eat this. I'll peel the shell off of this one."

Will sniffled the strangely soft egg. Curiously Will darted his tongue out to taste it. He didn't taste anything in particular, but the texture was smooth. He bit into it. There were two parts Will discovered, the smooth white outside and the yellowy orange center. The center was the most delicious part. He gobbled down the egg quickly. Sucking on his fingers to try and extend the taste.

Hannibal laughed again, pulling out another brown shelled egg. "Here, you try peeling it."

He didn't trust Hannibal not to trick him so he gingerly tapped it against his knee until a small crack formed. He inspected it closely for any delicious egg juices, but when none appeared he began to pry the shell off with his finger nail. It was a slow going with his injured hand. He managed to get about an inch circle uncovered when Hannibal took the egg again.

"That's mine!" Will said angrily.

Hannibal handed him a smooth white de-shelled egg, "You're too slow, be good and eat."

Will grumbled but didn't turn down the food. He wolfed down the egg, and watched in amazement as Hannibal handed him another de-shelled egg. "How– how did you do that so fast?" Will said in amazement as he ate the egg in three large bites.

"Practice." Hannibal answered him simply, "Now that’s quite enough for breakfast. Are you full?"

Will wanted to yell at the man, but in truth, he was quite full. He decided to frown and nod.

"Good. If you're content, I'll give you a tour."

"I'm kind of tied up right now," Will raised his wrist, the chain jingling.

"Here," Hannibal arrested his wrist and unlocked the cuff. Will jerked his hand away, free, rubbing the sore skin. "Now you're free, come along."

"I'm not free," Will muttered. But Hannibal didn't hear him or chose to ignore him as he stood and gestured for Will to follow. Will went hesitantly, black thoughts still circling his mind.

They left the library, into the sitting room with the fire, opening into this room was the kitchen and dining room. Hannibal showed him a great large wood oven. Will was amazed. After cooking over an open fire for so long, the oven was a wonder to behold. But what really blew his mind was when Hannibal pumped a glass of clear water at the sink.

He handed Will the glass, "Drink. It's well-water and clean. I don't have running water yet, but it will come in time."

Will hesitantly brought the cup to his lips and drank. It was so cool and refreshing, Will downed the whole glass. Gasping as he finished the glass, Hannibal swept it from his hands and locked it in a cabinet. All the cabinets in the kitchen were padlocked. Will scowled.

Hannibal pulled him along, Will spotted the front door and garage door as they headed upstairs. He couldn’t help but pause and stare. Hannibal gripped his arm and pulled him away from them, saying, "You know perfectly well what those will get you."

And as if to prove the point, Hannibal twisted his arm backwards. It didn't hurt, but Will yelped in surprise and fear. A little more and his nerve would pinch as they had last night. Hannibal leaned close to his ear, "You remember?"

"Y–yes," Will stuttered.

Hannibal dropped his arm moving up the stairs, he turned and gave Will a smirk, “Then let's go,” Before bounding up the stairs.

Will gapped in astonishment. The man was insane. But Will had no other choice but to follow him up.

*

Hannibal made Will dress in the clothes he had given him the previous day– excluding the kimono. He had thankfully given Will privacy to change in a small closet. When Will emerged, he was dressed in a plain salmon colored T-shirt, khakis, thick socks, and simple sneakers. It felt good to have clothes. But he immediately hated them as he felt Hannibal's eyes rove him up and down. Will crossed his arms, hating the feeling.

"That is a good outfit for you. You look handsome in it," Hannibal analyzed.

Will glared but said nothing.

"These are your things now. You need to be careful with them. If you ruin them, I will have to discipline you. Do you understand?"

Will reddened. The idea of this man *punishing* him like a child was terrifying and humiliating. But he knew the crazy man would do it. And he knew he wouldn't help his case by not answering. So he mumbled, "Yes."

"Good boy," Hannibal praised, making Will feel even more angry and foolish.

Thankfully, they left the clothing room quickly. They passed the room that Will had been locked in and several other rooms all with padlocks. They finally reached a set of folding stairs that were bolted permanently open. Hannibal gestured for him to climb. With a nervous swallow, Will did. He hated attics, they were always weird rotting places. Yet, when Will reached the top, he found it clean with flooring that led to a small door.

Will glanced behind him, Hannibal was ready to climb up after him, this might be his chance to break away from the man. The man had said the only other exits were the roof and garage. He scurried up the rest of the steep stairs, across the floor boards to the door, and pushed it open.

He was met by bright light and freezing air. He wanted to pull back into the warmth, but he could hear the creak of the stairs behind him. Shuffling through the small door, he slammed it closed behind him. There was no latch to lock it so he looked around for something to barricade it with.

His heart skipped a beat as he looked around. All around him snow was falling, blanketing the rooftop and beyond. Will walked to the edge of the roof, a tall chain length fence bordered the edge, but still allowed for a view of the city. Will gasped, gripping the fence links as he looked out at the hundreds of snow covered buildings. He had never seen so many houses. His father had told him about cities, but he only had his imagination and picture books for proof.

"Beautiful, isn't it?"

Will whipped around. Hannibal was standing there, dressed in a warm wool coat. He held out another coat, "You were so eager, you forgot your coat."

They both knew that wasn't the case, but Will welcomed the excuse with a small nod. He took the coat and slipped it on. He realized just how cold it was, the snow seeping through his cloth sneakers.

"Where are the chickens?" He asked, trying to ignore the icy stare of the man.

"Over there," Hannibal pointed to the neighboring house. There was a bridge, covered in the metal fencing that led to another roof where a small coop sat and a few chickens pecked about outside. Will automatically stepped to go across, but Hannibal stopped him, "We'll visit them another day. I want to show you where your dogs will be kept."

That immediately pricked Will's interest, so he followed Hannibal across a different covered bridge to another roof. There was a greenhouse taking up the majority of the roof, but outside it was a smaller house where Winston and Buster stood. Will ran to them, tearing past Hannibal and sliding to his knees to meet their wet kisses and wagging tails. He hugged them close not caring about their dirty paws or snow pestered fur. He laughed with delight and they barked enthusiastically.

"Will, please stand up." Hannibal's voice called from behind him.

Will scowled into Winston's fur. He hated Hannibal. "Give me a few more minutes–please!" Will begged still hiding in the dog's coats.

"I don't think that's a good idea."

Will huffed but stood, turning to glare at Hannibal, "I just want a few more minutes. Please."

Hannibal looked up and down at him, his gaze making Will look down as well. He dropped his angry composure instantly, his clothes were filthy. Muddy paw prints on the shirt and pants. Knees covered in mud and slush from the roof. Even the new coat had mud staining it.

"Oh fuck–," Will gasped, "I'm sorry. God, I'm really sorry. Fuck." He tried to wipe away some of the stains, but they only smeared more, "Fuck– Sorry– I didn't mean to. Shit, this is a mess– I'm sorry."

He looked up, Hannibal was giving him an icy look. Will shuddered remembering Hannibal's threat. Would the man beat him?

Hannibal pulled a key from his belt and unlocked the greenhouse, "Come here, Will."

Like a scared dog Will shuffled over, flinching as he passed by Hannibal. The greenhouse was warmer from the sun and Will could hear a generator and the crackle of electricity. He began to sweat from the heat and Hannibal's terrifying presence. Hannibal closed the door, locking it too.

"Look around," Hannibal encouraged, though his voice bade no kindness.

Will quickly glanced around the room as he tried to shrink away from Hannibal's gaze. There were pots and troughs filled with greens. Lettuces, kales, cabbage, broccoli– all cold seasoned plants that could brave growing in the dead of winter. They looked good, and if Will hadn't eaten the eggs this morning, he'd probably be chomping on a head of lettuce.

"What do you think?" Hannibal asked.

"It's incredible," Will said softly, partly because it was true and partly to please the monster.

"Thank you. You'll be assisting here under my supervision until I can trust you more. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," Will answered immediately. His eyes kept going down to his dirty clothes. *How could he have been so stupid?* Hannibal would surely hurt him. He had said so himself. Why was he waiting? Did he want to torture Will?

"Sir?" Hannibal asked.

Will glanced up at the man, his hands trembling and fumbling with the edge of his shirt. Had he said sir? That's what he called his dad when he was in particular trouble. He supposed he thought Hannibal might show some leniency if he used the honorific. Maybe not… Maybe he preferred his name.

Will tried to blink the panic tears away, "I'm sorry, Hannibal. I'm really sorry. Please don't hurt me."

Hannibal pursed his lips, looking disappointed, "I see."

Hannibal stared at him so hard Will hunched under his gaze. Bringing his hands to hide his face. When Hannibal stepped closed, Will sunk to his knees sobbing, "Please! Please, I'm sorry! Please don't hurt me– please Hannibal!"

Hannibal's hands grabbed his shoulders and he was yanked to his feet. Will tried to pull away but gave up as Hannibal held him fast. He kept his face cover as he cried and Hannibal held him upright.

Hannibal shook him, "Calm down!"

The jolt just made Will cry harder. He heard Hannibal sigh angrily, "Will this is ridiculous, you're making this worse than it needs to be."

Before Will could think, Hannibal dragged him over to a work table and pressed his chest down on it. Will shrieked as Hannibal's hand came down on his backside.

"You'll get ten. That was the first."

Will tried to bolt, but Hannibal slammed him back down on the table, delivering three consecutive blows to his rear.

"Stop struggling!" Hannibal ordered as he wrestled Will down once more and spanked him hard. Will was crying and couldn't seem to breath. His panic set in. Hannibal hit him again. And again.

He didn't quite know what he was doing. His body was acting it's own accord. He reached behind and clawed and the first thing his fingers found.

Hannibal cried out in pain, and Will felt momentary victory, before both his arms were twisted cruelly, sending shooting pain into his shoulders and effectively pinning him helpless to the table. He sobbed miserably on the table, squirming under the monster's power.

"You're–" Hannibal panted, "–a very naughty boy."

"I'm sorry!" Will wailed, his mind and body screaming opposite things. One to appease the other to fight. One to go limp and pass out, the other to cause so much movement the monster would let go. He ended on crying and squirming as his mind and body fought.

Hannibal sighed behind him, his free hand rubbing gentle circles on Will's ass, "Calm down, there's only three more. You can do it. Then I'll let the dogs in and you can play with them for a while."

At the mention of his dogs, a fresh round of sobs erupted from Will. Holding Will pinned, Hannibal brought his hand down three more times, before letting Will slump to the floor. Will crawled under the table and curled in a ball crying. A few moments later wet tongues were licking his tears away. Will blinding reached out and dragged his dogs close, letting them comfort him as he tried to calm down.

Will stayed under the table after he finished crying and hiccupping into his dogs fur. He knew Hannibal was still somewhere in the green house, though he couldn't see him in his hiding spot under the table. He liked it under the table, it felt safe under the firm wood he had just been punished on. He pulled Winston closer, whispering into the dog's ear, "I hate him, Winston."

Chapter End Notes

No I don't think chickens would ever go extinct, but let's just say Will's never seen one before ok?

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

Bathtime

Will stayed hidden under the table. He didn't want to come out. He didn't want to see the monster. Yet, see him, he did. It seemed Hannibal was in no hurry to leave. Will watched the monster's shoes and pants walking about the greenhouse, sometimes hauling things, sometimes weeding in a bed, sometimes harvesting food into a basket by his feet. Will kept careful watch on him, weary he'd come back and terrorize him.

It felt like hours had passed by the time Hannibal put the basket of food down by the door and strode over to Will. Will drew back as far as he could under the table, holding his dogs close. Hannibal crouched and peered at Will.

"Are you ready to go?" Hannibal asked softly.

Will didn't answer, he was too frightened. He felt terribly small and vulnerable.

Hannibal sighed, "Come on, let's get you inside and in a warm bed. It'll do wonders for your health."

When Will didn't answer, Hannibal stood and went to the door. He opened it and hollered, "Winston! Buster! Come along boys."

Before Will could grab them, his dogs bounded away and headed outside. Will whimpered and hugged himself. He was all alone once more with the madman. Hannibal came back and crouched before the table. Will pressed himself against the wall, trying to stay as far away from the monster as possible.

"Why are you hiding, baby?" Hannibal asked softly.

Will glared and hid his face. If the man didn't know why, he was a fucking idiot.

"Oh, sweet little thing," Hannibal cooed, before moving under the table to join Will.

Will gave a panicked cry, "No!" And coward against the wall.

Hannibal sat right beside him. The monster's hands wrapped around his waist and he was pulled onto Hannibal's lap. He was trembling and a few tears escaped, but he didn't have the energy to fight.

"There, there baby," Hannibal murmured gently. He guided Will to rest his head on his shoulder. Will gasped softly as his body relaxed against the older man, betraying his anger and fear. "That's right. Everything is OK."

"I hate you," Will choked out against Hannibal's shoulder.

The man's hands glided soothingly up and down his back, "I know baby. You can hate me, it's alright. I won't hurt you."

Will choked on a sob. Could the man not see that he had *just now* hurt Will?

"You don't understand," Will cried pathetically.

"Maybe not," The man soothed, "But you can tell me anything, I'll listen." When Will didn't say anything further, Hannibal continued, "Whenever you're ready to talk you can. Right now, we need to get you cleaned up. Up you go."

Hannibal patted Will's ass encouragingly, but the touch only sparked panic. Will broke from Hannibal’s lap scrambling out from the table dashing to the entrance. The metal framed door was locked. Will heaved a quiet cry of disdain and darted around a planter to avoid the approaching monster.

"Baby, the door is locked–"

"Don't call me that!" Will yelled.

Hannibal raised his hands to try and pacify, "I understand you're upset and angry. You've been disciplined, but all is forgiven, now you need proper care. Come inside. The greenhouse is not suitable."

"Fuck you! I hate you!" Will yelled, edging slowly away from where Hannibal stood.

"Will, you're angry and you're not thinking clearly. You need some time to rest and consider your words."

"No, I need you to get the hell away from me!" Will hissed.

Hannibal lunged towards him, Will made it exactly three steps before Hannibal had him round the waist and arrested against the monster's front.

"No!" Will struggled.

"Hush, little one, you need some rest," Hannibal bodily lifted him and dragged him back to the door and out of the green house. Will went kicking and screaming but nothing he did stopped the man. He was taken back over the bridge and into the attic door. He gave Hannibal a hell of a time on the attic stairs, but the man stayed silent and resolute.

Will thought he was going to be thrown into one of the old upstairs rooms, but Hannibal marched him back down the stairs through the living room and to the library/bedroom. The padded cuff was put back on his wrist and his wet shoes and socks wrestled off his feet. Once that was finished, Hannibal stood, surveying Will's breathless angry form intent with malice.

"I want you to calm down–"

"Let me go!"

"When you're ready to be civilized–"

"Fuck you! Let me GO!"

"Then we can move forward." Hannibal turned on his heel leaving screaming and cursing Will behind him.

*

Hannibal returned, once Will grew incredibly silent, molling over the monster's terrorizing threats and orders. He didn't want to be chained to a bed. If the man would force him to live under his thumb, he wanted his limited freedom with his dogs and autonomy.

He chewed on his lip bitterly as Hannibal pompously took a seat beside the bed. Looking like a scolding father. Will scowled at him, "Could you *please* ," Will's voice dripped of false politeness, "take the cuff off?"

"Are you ready to be civilized?" Hannibal asked.

Will smiled sweetly, "I'd be the only civilized person here."

Hannibal quirked a smile and unlocked the cuff, "I like when you speak rather than scream at me. It's quite refreshing."

"I like it when you stay away from me," Will snapped back.

Hannibal laughed, causing Will's blood to boil, "You are so feisty, my baby boy."

Will growled, "I'm not yours and I'm not a fuc– freaking baby."

Hannibal looked pleased, "Since I took you, you are mine to care for, and you are still so young to the world I can't help but imagine you as a babe of sorts."

"Well stop imagining and stop calling me that," Will hissed.

"I can't make that promise, Will. But I will try to honor your wishes. As long as you are a good boy, I won't call you a baby."

Will's cheeks reddened and he had to ball his fists in the sheets to keep himself from attacking. He didn't think 'good boy' was any better than 'baby' but it was a start. The man was insane after all. Maybe it would be better to play into his antics until Will had a chance at gaining the upper hand.

"Fine," He muttered angrily.

Hannibal grinned, "Good boy. Now eat your lunch while I go over your chores for the day."

The man produced a bowl. It was filled with greens and little tomatoes. Will hadn't eaten anything green in months, he wolfed down the food while Hannibal spoke, "Now, I've set out a large basin in the kitchen, you'll fill it with hot water and then wash the laundry– your current clothes included. You'll hang the clothes to dry and then you'll give yourself a bath. After that, you can come back here and read a book before dinner if you have time."

Will looked round the room at the hundreds of books. The deal was appealing, Will desperately wanted to read the new stories. And washing the laundry wasn't a bad chore. It was something Will did at his own home often. He glared for good measure, "Fine, I can do that."

Hannibal nodded, "Good boy. Now once you've finished your lunch, wash the bowl please and then you can begin. I'll be in the living room working.

Aka I will be watching you the whole time.

Fucking asshole.

Will tried not to let it bother him when the man left quickly. He needed to gain Hannibal's confidence and trust. He would need to obey the man to gain that. Picking leaves from his teeth, Will slid from the giant bed and padded over to the kitchen, his feet cold on the freezing floor.

There was a huge wooden basin with a pile of dirty laundry beside it. There was a board for scrubbing and a metal pot for heating the water on the stove. There was even a rack for hanging the wet clothes.

After washing the bowl, Will started the work. He knew the work. He had spent many an afternoon down by the river scrubbing his clothes against the rough rocks, ridding the soiled clothes of dirt and grime. He filled the metal pot with the clean clear well water, he fueled the stove and set the pot to heat. He sorted the pile of clothes and began scraping and beating the excess dirt from the fabric. It took a bit of fandangling with only one good hand, but he managed. By the time he had shaken and beaten the dirt from the clothes. He carried several pales of cold well water to the huge basin where he rinsed the clothes. His arms ached with the strain of trying to stir the water logged clothes.

He almost went to ask Hannibal for something to stir it with, but changed his mind. No way was he going to ask for any sort of help. He dumped the now dirty water and poured the boiling water on the clothes. He began heating another pot. He scrubbed each article

vigorously as he would his own clothes. He poured in fresh boiling water whenever the water turned too murky. Finally the pile was done, hanging to dry, and he sighed in relief.

He stood and wandered over to the living room. Hannibal was sitting at a desk drawing a building of some sort. Will crept close, "What is that?"

Hannibal glanced up, "My school in Paris."

"Paris? Like Paris, France?" Will asked incredulously.

Hannibal smiled, "Yes, my darling. Paris, France."

Will had only heard about Paris in books. It seemed like an imaginary place. "You were there?"

"Yes, before the drop," Hannibal explained.

"How did you get over here? Did you go in an airplane?" Will was excited. His father had told him of such machines, and sometimes thought he could remember something in the sky before everything went dark.

"Yes, in a plane," Hannibal chuckled at Will's excitement.

"What was it like? Could you see everyone below? Did you touch space? I read once that pilots used to fly into space all the time– all the way to the moon."

"Never so high," Hannibal answered calmly, "And yes you could see below."

Will nearly jumped with excitement, "What did it look like? Was it strange? Did all the people look like ants? How fast were you moving? Could you feel it? Did you get sick? I heard airplanes went faster than cars, is it true? How big was it–"

"Will, Will–" Hannibal interrupted, laughing, "We can talk about flying later. Are you finished with your chores?"

Will frowned, he had completely forgotten the chores. He also had momentarily forgotten his anger. He bit his lip, mad at himself. He grumbled, "Yeah, they're drying."

Hannibal raised an eyebrow at him critically, "Are you sure you're not forgetting something?"

Will scowled, really frustrated now, "Yes, your fucking clothes are all clean."

Hannibal sighed, putting his pencil down. He stood walking to the kitchen. Will followed perturbed. Hannibal inspected his drying work nodding with approval. "You did a good job on these, Will. Good boy."

A warm bubbly feeling spread through his belly at Hannibal's words. He bit his lip to fight off the feeling. "Great, now can I read in the library?" Will grunted impatiently.

"No. You're not finished. You need to wash your own clothes and have a bath."

Will flushed embarrassed for forgetting, "Fine. Go away. I'll do it."

Hannibal smiled, "No, my sweet boy. I need to begin dinner. You can wash while I cook."

Without another word, Hannibal began to unlock the cabinets an gather ingredients and jars from the pantries. Will stared agap at him. Surely Hannibal didn't really mean to wash naked right in front of him?

Hannibal turned, snapping his fingers, "Quickly, Will. Out of those clothes."

Will took a step back, "No! Not with you here!"

"Baby, I've seen you naked before, get into the bath now," Hannibal ordered sternly.

Will flushed, "Don't call me that!"

"Then be a good boy, do as I say. You're filthy."

Will gritted his teeth. He wanted to dig in his heels and refuse, but he knew that would lead to Hannibal's discipline. He screwed up his eyes, "Promise not to look at me? Please?"

"I won't look, until you are in the tub," Hannibal countered. And as if to emphasize the point he turned away. Will hated it, but he knew this was the closest to privacy he would get with the mad man. He shrugged his shirt off, keeping a careful eye on Hannibal's back. Then off went the pants and underwear. He dropped into the tub too afraid to stand naked in the open.

Hannibal turned as soon as he heard the water splash, with a smile like the Cheshire cat. He walked over to the basin and Will pulled his knees to his chest. He was woefully unprotected. Hannibal reached his hand in and Will gave a startled cry as the monster's hand brushed his hip.

Hannibal pulled away tutting, "It's too cold. Get out and wash your clothes while I heat your bath water." Hannibal turned away and went to fill the large pot with water to heat. Sensing Hannibal would not allow him to stay in the basin, Will jumped out and crouched on the other side. Hiding his nakedness behind the large basin.

"Your clothes, Will." Hannibal reminded him.

Will cursed under his breath but snatched his clothes from the ground and began scrubbing them furiously to distract himself from Hannibal's looming form.

"Dump the water," Hannibal ordered once he finished cleaning his clothes.

"Don't look," Will urged.

Hannibal waved at him without turning to face him, "Go on."

Will did it quickly, returning to his hiding. "I'm going to bring you the water," Hannibal said slowly, "I won't look at you."

Will grunted unhappily, but Hannibal was already carrying the steaming pot over. He poured the water in, it only filled the basin slightly, but was boiling hot. The steam billowed up and Will smelled a flowery scent. He leaned over the edge, inhaling the steam.

"Is that lilac?" Will questioned, he thought he recognized the flower's scent.

Hannibal was filling the pot again at the pump, but he answered, "Yes, there's an overgrown patch of it just two miles from here. I harvest some every year for perfume, oils, and soaps. Do you like it?"

"It smells nice," Will answered, surprised he was honest.

"Good, now I'm going to add more water," Hannibal warned. Will ducked lower at the basin's edge as Hannibal poured the second bucket in. The boiling water ceased, and a pleasantly warm water was left. "Be a good boy and get in," Hannibal told him as he went back to the sink.

While the monster's back was turned, Will quickly climbed into the tub, sinking into to safety of the water. He began scrubbing himself with his hands, trying to remove the grime of the

past several days. He was so intent on his work, he jumped when a wet cloth wiped against his back.

He whipped around. Hannibal was sitting on a stool beside the basin with a soapy wash cloth in his hand.

"What are you doing!" Will bit harshly.

"I'm bathing you," Hannibal answered as if it was the normalist thing.

"I can wash myself!" Will argued petulantly.

"You're scratching your skin with dirty nails while sitting in water, you can hardly call that washing," Hannibal pointed out.

Will scowled, "I washed the clothes perfectly fine by myself. I can wash myself fine too."

"Clothing and your body are very different things. You need to properly learn how to care for yourself."

"I don't need to learn anything, especially not from a fucking monster." Will hissed.

Hannibal's eyes narrowed, "Don't use that language. You've been good all afternoon, don't be naughty now."

"I'm not being naughty," Will's cheeks burned as he said the words, "I just don't want *your* help! I don't want you touching me."

Hannibal considered him before holding out the wash rag, "Fine, you can clean yourself, but I'll watch and make sure you do it well."

Will supposed this was the best option he was going to get so he took the offered rag. He didn't really know what to do with it. But after a moment, he decided to use it in place of his nails. He scrubbed his skin with the cloth. To his surprise soap suds grew wherever he washed and his skin began to smell pleasantly like lilac.

The soap eventually ran out and the suds disappeared. He placed the rag on the edge of the basin. He glared triumphantly at Hannibal, "Finished."

Hannibal raised an eyebrow. He took the rag and rolled a block of soap in it until the rag was once more soapy. Will had no option but to sit and watch in his naked state.

"You did better than I thought, but you still missed a few spots," Hannibal said gently, "I want you to clean your privates as well."

Will turned bright red, but snatched the cloth away from Hannibal. He quickly drew the rag round his dick and wiped about his balls before flinging the cloth against the side of the basin in an angry huff.

"You're bottom too," Hannibal said.

Will wanted to punch the monster, but he contained himself. He had lasted this long, he would finish this stupid fucking bath without Hannibal touching him. When he finished he slung the cloth over the side with an unhappy grunt.

"Your hair needs washed as well–"

Will made an unhappy noise.

"--But that can wait. You've been such a good boy. I'll go get you some clothes while you dry off." Hannibal handed him a large towel before disappearing round the corner and up the stairs.

Will let himself breathe a sigh of relief. It was exhausting putting up a fight. It was exhausting being around Hannibal. Every little thing seemed like a huge ordeal. He just wanted something easy. Will forced himself to stand and towel off. He wrapped the fuzzy towel around himself. He liked how big it was, covering his whole body.

Hannibal returned a moment later. He had a pair of boxers and the silk kimono. Will wanted to yell at the man for more clothes, but he didn't have the energy for an argument. When Hannibal went back to making dinner, Will slipped the clothes on. He tied the kimono tightly close in the front.

"That suits you so well," Hannibal complimented. Will shrugged not knowing what to say that wouldn't get him spanked. Hannibal rewarded his good behavior, "You can go read in the library. Any book you'd like."

Will rushed to the library, he chose a book that had a picture of a dog on the cover. By somebody called Jack London. Will began reading and quickly grew immersed in the thrilling tale of a dog gone wild. He laid on the pillowy bed and poured over it, drinking in the details of the story.

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

Hannibal's a meanie...

Will was shaken to wake.

"Will, you need to wake up your dogs are barking. They've drawn the the undead."

Will stumbled from bed, groggy and disoriented. After dinner the night before, Hannibal had forced him back into bed. Will had once again fallen deeply asleep cocooned by Hannibal’s large form. He was well rested, far to rested, finding it hard to wake. He managed to not trip and fall on his face, as Hannibal dragged him up the stairs.

"Whaaa?" Will groaned as Hannibal pushed him up the attic stairs.

"Your dogs, Will," Hannibal urged.

That made him blink into attention. He managed to half scramble half climb the stairs and went to the little exterior door, Hannibal was right behind him. He could hear Winston and Buster howling and barking through the door. He pushed it open.

He was blinded by the white brilliance of the outdoors. Hannibal dragged him out and he realized that there was a fresh blanket of snow upon the roof. He shivered and went to pull his clothes about him, but found he was dressed in only the kimono and boxers. His kimono was open and his bare chest prickled unpleasantly in the cold, his nipples hard. Will flushed covering his bare chest.

Damn Hannibal. If he actually gave him clothes he wouldn't be so cold. He shivered, visibly beginning to shake with the cold. Hannibal had the audacity to look apologetic, himself fully dressed in his military wear. The older man pointed, "Quickly now, do you see?"

Will tried to ignore the cold. He looked and saw his dogs on the other roof, barking and growling at something below. Will stepped closer to the edge and saw about 15 undead were amassed below. They were growling and clawing at the building's side.

“Shit” He muttered.

"Make the dogs quiet," Hannibal ordered, “They won’t listen to me.”

Will nodded understanding the peril and called sharply, "Winston! Buster! Quiet!"

His dogs, on hearing his voice, perked their ears and ran to him. Crossing the enclosed bridge and leapt at him, trying to lather him with sloppy kisses. Will shied away, hugging himself, not wanting to destroy the ancient kimono or anger his captor again. He remembered yesterday's spanking too well .

"Will they stay quiet?" Hannibal asked, eyeing the dogs critically as they licked Will's hands.

"Eh, if I stay with them," Will mumbled, shuffling his feet in the icy snow. They were beginning to go numb, "They bark as a warning otherwise."

Hannibal huffed but gestured at the door, "Bring them inside. It's the only way at the moment."

Will hurried to the door, secretly smiling to himself as he led his dogs inside. Will was almost glad the undead had come, it meant his dogs were reunited with him. He helped them down the steep attic stairs. Hannibal was frowning at the dog's snowy and muddy paws.

"They need to be cleaned," Hannibal stated, his nose curling in distaste.

Will scowled. Of course they were dirty, they'd been locked outside and they were dogs. Dogs were meant to be dirty.

"I want you to give them a bath and mop where they will inevitably track mud on the floor. Do you understand?"

"They're dogs, they always have muddy paws," Will argued. He honestly did not want to wash his animals and thought it was a waste of time.

"You'll do as I say," Hannibal responded coolly, "Understood?"

Will scowled, but he didn't say anything. He pictured punching the man squarely in the gut. The thought served as a good image and cooled his hot tongue.

"Baby," Hannibal snapped, "Are you listening?"

"I told you not to call m–"

Hannibal grabbed his chin sharply, "I don't have time to argue with you, Will."

Hannibal’s gaze booked no argument. Will blinked fearfully and dropped his gaze. "Yeah, I'll do it," He muttered.

Hannibal patted his cheek, "Good boy. I'm going to take care of the undead."

Hannibal marched off leaving Will to deal with his muddy animals.

*

Will heard Hannibal return from the garage as he sat by the fire with the dogs. They were cleaned now and the messy paw prints were mopped up. Still a waste of time in Will’s opinion, but it meant they could all cuddle by the fire and read while their captor was out. The dogs perked their heads as Hannibal entered. They all wearily watched the entrance, when the limping figure trudged in, Will scrambled to his feet.

Hannibal was covered in mud and blood. The dark rotting liquid of the undead's organs coated the man, and Will could hardly see his clothes. A bright red dripped from Hannibal's temple. His hair was dark with grime and hanging in his face.

The dogs growled at the scent of the undead. Will backed away, "Are you bit?"

The monster laughed a dark chortling sound that made Will shiver, "No, baby. Not bit."

Will whistled low and his dogs were immediately on their feet, hackles raised and growling. Will could not see the man's eyes fully but the monster's mouth dipped into a frowning sneer. Hannibal unholstered his pistol from his side, "Call your dogs off and tied them up. There's rope by the bed."

Will shook his head, backing away further, "How do I know you're not bit?"

Hannibal snarled and pointed the gun threateningly at Winston, "Don't test me Will, tie your dogs up or I'll kill them."

Hannibal cocked the gun and Will raised his hands, "Please wait! I'll do it, okay? Just, just stay over there."

Will called his dogs, who went rather unwillingly. They still growled and watched Hannibal as Will secured them to a line attached to the heavy bed. He turned shakily, he prayed Hannibal hadn't been bitten. He didn't know if he could fight off such a large undead.

Seeing the dogs secure, Hannibal holstered his gun surveying Will fearfully standing by the bed. Then his hands went up to his neck, fiddling. Will watched, afraid at any moment the large monster would lunge at him. To his surprise the black gore parted and Will glimpsed the clean hairy chest of his captor. Hannibal continued unbuttoning his shirt until he slung it off. Will stared at the expansive chest, the lean muscles and round shoulders– bruised in places but not bitten.

"Go prepare me a bath," Hannibal barked.

Will gapped for a moment, trying to catch his racing mind, "W–wha?"

"A bath, Will. I need to wash. Go now, I'll burn the clothes." Hannibal repeated, sounding irritable.

Will hesitated, looking at his dogs and worrying, "Y–you won't hurt them– right?"

Hannibal stepped forward threateningly, "I did not spend hours killing the undead for you to question me. Get in there. Right. Now."

Will whimpered and skirted around Hannibal, but paused looking back at his helpless dogs, "Please–" Will begged, "Please don't hurt them."

The menacing monster lunged forward, snapping his fingers right under Will's nose. Will stumbled backwards, falling on his ass. He cried out in alarm, terrified that Hannibal was changing. Hannibal leered above him, looking down at him without pity.

"Get up," He ordered. Hannibal wiped his hair from his face, and Will saw that he still had human eyes, not those malevolent dead eyes of the zombies. Will scrambled to his feet.

"I'm disappointed."

Will paled. He squeezed his eyes shut and whispered, "Please, just don't hurt my dogs."

Hannibal growled, a strange sound coming from a human throat– something that should be reserved for animals or the undead. Will peeked out, Hannibal looked angry to say the least. Will should have stayed quiet.

Hannibal took a step forward, invading Will's space. Will was paralyzed with fear, he couldn't move. Hannibal wrapped his hand around Will's throat. Will gasped, but found it difficult to breathe. His hands naturally went to Hannibal's hand and wrist, trying to pull it off him. Hannibal squeezed tighter and Will whimpered.

"Those are my dogs now, Will," Hannibal said, his eyes charged with anger, "I can do with them what I'd like."

Tears slipped from Will's eyes as he gasped and choked under Hannibal’s hand.

“They’re mine, just like you are,” Hannibal grip tightened before finally releasing him. Will doubled over, heaving for air. He couldn't see well, his eyes clouded with tears, but he heard Hannibal order once more, "Get my bath before I become more disappointed."

Will stumbled, half-blindly out of the room to the kitchen. He was sobbing now, as much as his constricted throat would allow him. He worried for his dogs, terrified Hannibal would kill them, even more worried Hannibal would kill them because of *him* . Will would never be able to live with himself if he did something to hurt his animals– even by proximity.

Will cried as he prepared the bath– hoping it would please the monster. Once it was ready, the basin filled with warm steamy water, Will slumped by the sink and hid his face in his hands.

He glanced up when he heard footsteps. There was Hannibal, still filthy– but now also naked. Will dropped his gaze immediately. He felt his face burn red as the image of Hannibal's cock and balls were seared into his mind.

"It's ready?" Hannibal asked. He thankfully didn't sound angry anymore. Will nodded, his throat was constricted and he couldn't speak. Will didn't know if it was from Hannibal's hand or from his nerves.

He heard the water splash and knew Hannibal had climbed into the basin. He kept his eyes down and didn't move. No sudden movements around the predator.

"It's good, Will," Hannibal murmured. After a moment he added, "Thank you."

Will's eyes flickered up in surprise. He stared shyly at the man in the bath, too large for the glorified barrel. Hannibal caught his looking and gestured at him, "Come here."

Will slowly stood and shuffled closer. When he was close enough, Hannibal took his wrist. Will wanted to pull away, but thought better of it.

"Let me see it," Hannibal said softly, tugging down on Will's wrist. Will knelt beside the tub, earning himself a please hum from the older man. He kept his eyes down on the ground.

A hand touched his neck and Will flinched. He trembled as light fingers traced the probably already bruised shape on his neck. He whimpered pathetically afraid Hannibal would start to choke him once more.

"It's okay, baby. You're being a good boy," Hannibal gently assured him. "You have blood on your neck from my hands," Hannibal noted softly, almost apologetic, "Take your kimono off, let me wash it."

Will scowled but did as he was told. His bare chest was cold in the frigid air. The fire had died down quite a bit and the house was dim. Hannibal took a wet washcloth and gently wiped Will's neck. Will could feel the dried gore slowly being removed. He shivered, goosebumps spreading across his back, as a drop of water rolled down his spine.

"I–I can do it," He murmured through his horse throat, keeping his eyes down.

Hannibal hummed, "I know you can. But I want to take care of you."

Will bit his lip to keep himself from saying something stupid. The monster was being nice at the moment, he tried not to break the spell. Once Hannibal had finished cleaning Will's neck, he just stared at him for a while, making Will shift uncomfortably under the gaze.

"You're such a sweet, fragile boy," Hannibal finally concluded. Will flushed frowning. That was *not* how he'd describe himself. But he wasn't arguing. Hannibal was insane and who knew when this kind facade would break and the demon Will knew would emerge. "I want you to check my body for bites. I wasn't bitten, but it'll ease your mind."

Hannibal rose from the water, and Will was left looking up at the naked man, far too close to his genitals for his liking. He scooted backwards and stood on wobbly legs. He tried not to look at the man's lean and muscular body. He tried to focus on just his skin. But even his skin was smooth and lean and caused stirrings in Will’s stomach.Hannibal turned slowly in the tub, and Will swallowed, seeing his back and trying not to stare at the monster's godlike shoulders and perfect ass. Hannibal completed his turn, "Not bit, yes?"

Will managed a nod.

Hannibal sunk back into the water. He looked relaxed now, lazy in the water, despite his big frame. Hannibal stared at him for a moment longer regretfully before shooing him away, "Go to your dogs."

At that, Will grabbed his kimono and hurried out of the kitchen. He rushed to his animals who whined happily when they saw him. He slid to the ground and checked them all over, but they were uninjured and healthy. He wanted to untie them and run as faraway from this place as possible, but knew it was impossible. He feared even untying them would bring the monster back. He allotted to curl on the floor with them, accepting their unquestionable love. He closed his eyes and pretended to be far away from this place.

*

Will awoke in the bed, buried in fluffy pillows and blankets. He blinked, rubbing his eyes and pushing the covers off. The room was warm now, the fire roaring. His dogs were napping by the fireplace. He didn't know how he got in the bed. He sat up only to be pulled back down. Hannibal's arm slung over his chest and Will was caught.

He nervously figidited and tried to wriggle from Hannibal's gasp. Hannibal made a sleepy groan and tightened the arm. Will felt Hannibal bury his face in his curls. Pressing his large body against Will's back. Spooning him in drowsy warmth.

"Just sleep, Will," Hannibal murmured, half asleep himself.

"No," Will said stubbornly, and he wriggled out from Hannibal's arm. He made it out from the blankets before two hands grabbed his waist and he was pulled back against a chest. He huffed in annoyance.

"I'm not tired, let me go," Will demanded.

Hannibal chuckled, "You're warm and you're not leaving."

Will squirmed incessantly until Hannibal was forced to sit up and look down at the boy, "Would you *please* be still."

"I'm not tired," Will huffed.

Hannibal reached over and grabbed a book. He shoved the volume into Will's hands, "You don't have to sleep, just be still for goodness sake."

Hannibal collapsed back into the pillows, an arm secure around Will's waist. There'd be no escape for Will, not in the present situation. Will grunted unhappily and kicked his feet rather rudely to show his displeasure, but Hannibal did not budge.

With nothing more to do Will looked down at the book. It was Frankenstien. He had read this story countless times, but never in english. He opened the book eagerly and happily saw the words were in his first language. He allowed himself to still in the warm embrace of his captor. If Hannibal would force him to stay in the bed, he'd at least entertain himself with the novel. He settled back for a nice read.

*

He supposed killing zombies had drained the man. An important note for any future escape attempts. Hannibal was zonked behind him for what seemed like several hours to Will. He tried to ignore the hulking mass and enjoy his book. He became so immersed that he hadn't expected the voice in his ear.

"Has Victor run from his monster yet?"

Will jumped, twisting in the sheets towards the voice. Hannibal was awake, looking down at him from where he lay. Will hated that even lying down Hannibal could leer over him. Couldn't the man be small?

"You're awake," Will said dumbly.

"Yes."

Will huffed and went back to his book. He wasn't about to make small talk with the monster. Not after what he had done to him this morning. No, Will was not in a forgiving mood. He stuck his nose back in his book pretending to read while trying to guess what Hannibal was planning. He felt Hannibal sit up, leaning against the head board. Will was about to squirm out of the bed now that he was free and move to the fire with his dogs, but Hannibal pulled him up on his lap.

Will tried to scoot away, but Hannibal wrapped his arms around Will, forcing him to stay on his lap. Will couldn't see the man, but he could imagine he was laughing at him. Without

thinking he sent his elbow flying backwards. Hannibal grunted but it turned into a chuckle, “So feisty.”

“Thought I was *sweet* and *fragile* ,” Will muttered. He tried elbowing the man again, but Hannibal stopped him with a firm hand.

“Don’t be angry Will. You can be sweet, fragile, *and* feisty,” The monster said calmly.

Will snarled and thrashed in Hannibal’s hold. The older Man’s legs wrapped over Will’s so he couldn’t kick them. Will’s arms were pinned across his body. He realized he couldn’t move at all.

He panicked, “Let me go!”

Hannibal nuzzled his face in Will’s hair, “Once we’ve talked.”

Will gritted his teeth, “What?”

“Has Victor run from the monster yet?” Hannibal repeated his earlier question in reference to the book.

“Yes,” Will answered impatiently, “He’s killed the boy– Victor’s brother.”

Hannibal hummed.

“Can you let me up now?” Will spat.

“Not just yet,” Hannibal said softly.

Will waited approximately three seconds before he fumed, “Let me go!”

Hannibal’s hand gripped his neck suddenly and Will was once more sputtering with fear from earlier. He tried to breath and realized that he could, even though Hannibal’s hand was still firmly placed over his throat. The hand had effectively stopped any fight he had and he stayed still and quiet.

“This,” Hannibal whispered into his ear as he slightly squeezed Will’s throat, “Is what I want to talk about.”

Will swallowed, not saying anything.

“How did the boy die in your book?” Hannibal asked.

“T-The m–monster killed him,”

“How?”

“He strangled him,” Will whispered fearfully.

“Am I a monster, Will?”

Will felt tears grow in his eyes. He was going to die. Just like Frankenstein’s brother had been murdered. He choked on a sob.

Hannibal released his throat, “A monster would kill, but I do not wish to kill you. Do you understand?”

Will didn’t really understand but he nodded frantically anyway. Hannibal let his legs go, and manipulated Will in his lap, so the boy’s side was pressed against his chest. Will felt Hannibal kiss his hair. He wanted to kick or scream at the man, but he didn’t feel like it would be dignified as he was still sniffling through tears.

So Hannibal hadn’t killed him. Maybe he wasn’t as big a monster as Will thought. But that didn’t negate how much Will hated him. He was sure, if Frankenstein had a chance, he’d kill the monster. Will would do the same.

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal's hold on him relaxed later, and Will knew the man would probably let him wriggle out, but Will stayed. He had convinced himself that in order to get away from his captor, he'd have to try and please the man. Earning his trust would probably take a while. But once he had it, he could stab the man in the back.

He settled down, resting his head against Hannibal's shoulder. He let Hannibal's fingers play lightly with his hair and even relaxed into the soothing massaging hand at his hip.

"Such a good boy," Hannibal murmured softly into his hair, kissing his brow again.

Will grinned internally. *What a fucking sucker.*

He shifted slightly, huddling closer to the man. Even letting a whimper escape for good measure. Hannibal responded to it immediately, drawing him closer and petting his hair and sides as if to calm him down. The man must reallythink he was half dog.

"Shh," He cooed, "It's alright, baby."

He could have rolled his eyes at how predictable the man seemed. He added a moan to the mix and then whined, "Please, I'm hungry."

The reaction was immediate. Hannibal swung himself off the bed, hauling Will up with him. Will's dogs yapped at the sudden movement, but Will couldn't calm them as he was bridal carried into the kitchen. Hannibal placed him on the table, "Stay right here, baby."

Hannibal darted off and came back with a blanket. He wrapped it round Will's shoulders, tucking it around the boy. Will couldn't help but feel a little grateful, it was cold outside the

bed.

"What would you like to eat, baby?"

Will frowned thinking. He couldn't be a completely passive kidnapped victim. Hannibal would get suspicious. So he scowled slightly, "Don't call me baby."

Hannibal nodded, "Of course. You're being a good boy. What would my good boy like to eat?"

Will bit his lip to keep from grinning. *The fucker was eating out of his hand.*

"Popcorn." Will said. He knew he had the kernels in his store. The man had stolen it all, so he knew somewhere in the locked cabinets his popcorn was safe.

"Would you like it salty or sweet?" Hannibal asked, his hands massaging Will's arms. Will hated to admit it felt nice.

"Never had sweet popcorn," He answered honestly. He only had the salty treat on cold days.

"Then I'll make it sweet so you can try it," Hannibal concluded. He leaned into Will's space and kissed his forehead. Will balled his fists to keep from slapping the man away. Hannibal's face was rough with a five o'clock shadow, and Will couldn't tell if the feeling was enraging or just annoying. It made his heart beat faster and he felt warm and quakey all over.

He leaned back taking a deep breath. No way was he playing this docile. He growled, "I'm hungry."

Hannibal chuckled, but thankfully let him go, "Alright, my clever boy, you stay right there and I'll make you some popcorn."

Will's bare feet dangled off the table. He kicked his legs absentmindedly as Hannibal prepared the food. He felt stupid perched on the table just watching. He frowned, pulling the blanket closer. He didn't feel like he was earning Hannibal's trust, but he also had a sinking feeling this was exactly what Hannibal wanted. What had the man said? He wanted to take care of Will?

And Will was letting him. Will's mood soured and he scowled angrily at Hannibal. The monster didn't notice and went on with making the food.

It wasn't until Hannibal placed a bowl of honey glazed popcorn, that the older man realized the deep scowl on Will's face was directed at him. Hannibal raised an eyebrow, "Are you feeling alright?"

Will scrunched up his nose keep himself from snarling. He repeated in his mind, *earn his trust, earn his trust, earn his fucking trust*.

"Just hungry," Will managed to mutter.

Hannibal gave him a smile and handed him a bowl of popcorn, "Here you go, eat it carefully, it's sticky."

Will was hungry, so he dug into the popcorn not knowing what to expect. He grabbed a handful, ignoring the sticky substance and stuck it in his mouth. He moaned at the taste. It was so sweet. The crunchy popcorn was coated in a golden liquid that had Will sucking his fingers and chasing every drop. He gobbled the remaining popcorn and then went to licking every inch of the bowl and his hands for another drop of that golden delight.

Hannibal laughed at his predicament and Will glared menacingly from behind his sticky fingers clutching the bowl. "What?" He demanded obstinately.

Hannibal shook his head chuckling, "You look like a mongoose that's found a den of eggs."

"I'm not a mongoose!" Will argued, even though he had no idea what a mongoose even was. He was no squawking goose.

Hannibal smiled, stepping into his space. Will glared up at the man as Hannibal leaned down close to his face. Will didn't know what the man was doing, until Hannibal's tongue darted out and licked a drop of honey from his cheek. Will jerked backwards in surprise. Hannibal was grinning at him like a maniac, "That's my good boy."

Will frowned and tried to scoot away, but Hannibal had him round the waist. Hannibal leaned over him, and Will had nowhere to go other than to lay back on the table. Still Hannibal pressed over him, until their chests were pressed together. Hannibal licked his face again, and Will recoiled, turning his face away.

Only that revealed the side of his neck that Hannibal latched onto like a preying insect. He sucked and laved at his neck. Will cried out in alarm when he felt teeth graze his skin. He jerk and tried to roll away– *fuck earning his trust– the monster was trying to bite him!*

"Stop that!" Will demanded.

Hannibal lifted his head to look down at his captive, "But you taste so sweet my boy."

"I don't like it," Will managed to not scream into Hannibal's face, "You're acting like one of them."

Hannibal raised an eyebrow inquiringly.

"Trying to bite," Will explained.

Hannibal let him up. Will sat up wearily, rubbing his hand over his neck. He could feel where Hannibal had sucked and bitten his neck. It would probably bruise. Hannibal stared at the

marks with admiration, "They called those hickeys, I believe."

"The dead are called hickeys?" Will asked confused.

His question made Hannibal burst out laughing, "No, no, my boy, a hickey is what's on your neck. The marks. I think they also called them lovebites."

Will reddened and covered his neck with his hand, "I don't want lovebi– hickeys! Don't do that again."

Hannibal gave no promises. Instead he just stared at him amused. Will was worried the man would kiss his head again, but instead the man turned and poked the embers in the kitchen's wood oven.

"You'll need something other than popcorn to eat. Go make the bed then you may read while I make dinner."

Will slid off the counter ready to get away from Hannibal. Hannibal grabbed his arm, "Be a good boy and wash your hands first."

Will did so, feeling Hannibal's eyes boring holes into him. He slunk to the library all the way feeling the monster's watchful eye. He consciously grabbed his neck. *Screw playing along with Hannibal's fantasies, that could get him in a dangerous predicament fast.*

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for all the comments and kudos <3

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will wearily avoided hickeys and punishments from Hannibal the next few days. He did so by meekly following Hannibal's orders and being as stiff a board whenever the man tried to hold him. The man would also stop when Will reminded him he was acting like the undead.

He was unfortunately getting used to the routine. He'd wake up to breakfast, then Hannibal would give him his chores for the day. He'd tidy up the dishes then spend hours doing Hannibal's tasks. The man liked cleanliness and no complaints. Will cleaned every inch of the house over the week. Scrubbing the floor until it shown. Polishing every dish, dusting every book. The only place Hannibal really didn't let him work was in making food. Hannibal was the cook.

Every minute he worked, he tried to think of ways to escape. The garage was unknown to him. A vague place Hannibal sometimes disappeared into. He only knew it required a key. The roof was a better option but it also required a key and knowledge of the rooftop maze. Hannibal hadn't allowed him up there much since the incident in the greenhouse. His dogs were let out there for the majority of the day, only allowed in when it got cold in the evenings.

His dogs were another issue entirely. How could he run with two dogs? He needed Hannibal's keys. If he could lock the man in his own house, then Will could rescue his dogs and they could all escape this prison.

"Will?" Hannibal called, interrupting his plotting, "Please set the table."

Will grumbled but stood from his spot on the rug before the fire. He had gotten particularly comfortable there. He had finished his book and was onto another titled Great Expectations. So far it was very boring. He marched to the kitchen, feeling irked and annoyed. Hannibal gave him a raised eyebrow when he viciously grabbed the awaiting plates and utensils. Still no knives for Will.

Will set the table, slamming each piece down particularly hard. He knew Hannibal could hear and he knew the monster would be displeased. He did it anyway, his frustration fanning his behaviors. He plopped down in his seat, arms crossed, to grumpily await the meal.

Hannibal brought in a simple dish, with such flourish Will might have assumed it was a wild boar's head or allusive sugar cookies.

“Quiche. A fluffy pie crust filled with eggs, fresh broccoli, spinach, and tomatoes. Lightly topped with a lovely spiced bacon.”

Will frowned, “That's *my* bacon. It’s supposed to last all winter.”

Hannibal placed the dish on the table and went and stood behind Will’s chair. A firm hand grasped his shoulder making Will shudder. Hannibal leaned down and whispered in his ear, “It’s *my* dish, Will. Good boys eat quietly without complaints.”

Will scowled but said nothing else. Hannibal’s threatening hand left his shoulder to Will's relief, and the man slid into his seat. Hannibal quickly plated the quiche.

It looked, smelled, (and after a large bite) tasted delicious. If there was any positive to Will’s capture, it was Hannibal’s cooking. Will hadn't tasted any food like Hannibal's prior to his capture. He was never hungry here.

“You seem frustrated, Will. Tell me what’s the matter,” Hannibal observed as he ate.

Will stabbed the quiche with his fork, imagining it was Hannibal’s eye, “I’m fine. Just a fucking kidnapped slave, that’s all.”

“Language, Will. We’ve discussed the use of profanity,” Hannibal said sternly, “And we’ve also clarified you are not a slave. You are under my care as a part of my household.”

Will grunt, stabbing the quiche into bits and pushing it around his plate. He felt a million curses at the edge of his tongue. He hated Hannibal, he hated how reasonable and calm he sounded while Will was left stewing in pent up rage. He was being childish while Hannibal was acting sane. A mad man acting sane? It just wasn't fair!

"Don't play with your food," Hannibal ordered.

"Don't tell me what to do," Will snapped.

Hannibal placed his fork down gently on the table, "Baby, do you need a reminder of who's in charge?"

"Don't call me that!"

"We had an agreement, Will. Are you being bad?" Hannibal asked.

"No!" Will shouted, banging his fork down, "I'm angry and I want to go home."

Hannibal gave him a hard look before picking up his fork once more, "Thank you for telling me what's wrong Will. I prefer you speaking your frustrations rather than taking it out on your dinner."

"I want to go home," Will repeated, trying not to yell.

"I'm sorry, Will, but you are home. Why don't you think of things that would lessen your anger?"

"I could kill you," Will snarled.

Hannibal raised an eyebrow, “That would make you happy?”

“Fucking happy,” Will challenged.

“I don't know why you insist on being so contrary, Will,” Hannibal sighed, “Let me remind you, saying that word one more time will put you right over my knee.”

Will said nothing more, preferring to stab his dinner repeatedly.

“What did you do for enjoyment before I found you?” Hannibal asked after Will’s quiche was thoroughly destroyed.

Will huffed but answered, because there was nothing else to do, “Hunting, fishing, playing with my dogs.”

Hannibal nodded in encouragement, “While the first two options are not available at the moment, we can possibly allot more playtime with your animals.”

Will glanced up surprised. He hadn't thought Hannibal would be so gracious, especially with his bad table manners this meal. He frowned then, because there had to be a catch, “Why?”

“Because you've been such a good boy and I think you deserve a reward.”

Will scowled, he hated everything about the control Hannibal exerted over him. How his heartbeat quickened at the monster's *good boy* . How he was feeling grateful for something he had been allowed to do before his capture. His mind was warping before his eyes. He clutched the fork so hard his knuckles turned white. Maybe if he went for the jugular, he could injure Hannibal enough to finish him off. Bleed the monster out.

Before he could work up the courage they were interrupted by a crash. Will jumped on his feet by the table, looking around for where the sudden noise had come from.

Hannibal stood as well and gripped Will’s arm, not letting him dart away. The older man was frowning. The clash came again. Will jumped, he swore the noise came from directly below them.

"What was–"

Will was interrupted as Hannibal yanked him from the dining room. He was dragged back to the library. Hannibal let go of his arm, "Stay here."

"But what wa–"

"Do not leave this room," Hannibal ordered, before turning and marching out.

Will gapped, confused and frazzled by the sudden action. He quickly peeked out the door, Hannibal was, Will assumed, in the kitchen.

This was his moment.

He darted out of the room and went straight to the garage door. It was locked, and despite how much he yanked on it, it didn't budge. He inspected the lock, it seemed like a fairly simple bolt. He bet he could pick the lock if he tried. But time was not with him and he had no tools so he turned to run back to the room, afraid to be caught. That was when he heard an undead growl.

Startled, he crept slowly along the corridor, until he was at the kitchen entrance. Hannibal was nowhere to be seen, but the sight was new.

A door on the floor of the kitchen was flung open and noises came from within. Will tiptoed into the kitchen, the clammy floor sending chills up his spine. As he drew near, dark stairs

were revealed, going down into a cellar. He could see the bottom, illuminated in flickering light. He heard monster growls from below.

Too curious for his own good, Will slowly descended the stairs. About half way he was able to duck down and see into the basement. An electric lightbulb hung from the ceiling casting a dim yellow glow. He hadn't seen a lit lightbulb in so long, that he nearly missed *what* it illuminated.

Will covered his mouth to hide his gasp. Around the room were barred cells, each with a rotting undead growling and panting agitated inside. Thankfully, they didn't see Will hidden in the shadows on the stairs, they were much too focused on Hannibal moving between the cells. The older man was stacking some metal cages that it looked like an undead had toppled over. The crash must have been from the cages falling.

Hannibal looked to be finishing his task and turned towards the stairs. Will darted up the stairs and dashed to the library, trying to keep his footsteps light. He slid to a seat by the fire, trying to breathe normally and not look like he had just sprinted over.

Hannibal appeared at the entrance just seconds later, frowning pensively at Will. Will tried to look innocent and surprised.

"What happened?" Will said far too quickly. He could feel the sweat beading on his brow.

Hannibal crossed his arms, "Did you leave this room?" Will paled, but shook his head. Hannibal's frown deepened, "I heard footsteps."

"I didn't!" Will squeaked.

"You didn't what?" Hannibal asked. His voice was hard.

"I– I didn't– I didn't hear anything," Will stuttered.

Hannibal looked unconvinced. He pointed at him, "Don't leave that spot."

He turned and walked back. Will dared not move. He was surprised his lie had worked. He was certain Hannibal had seen him or heard him on the stairs. Not only was the fear of being punished prevalent, but now the terror of the undead just below their feet!

Chapter End Notes

There's always something in Hannibal's basement...

Chapter 10

He heard the creak of hinges and then a click of a door. Hannibal must have closed the hidden door in the kitchen. Will sat stiff as Hannibal appeared again in the doorway. He gave him a hard look before turning away. Why did Hannibal have the dead walkers in his basement? Would he feed Will to them when he was bored? He then pulled the thick blanket from the bed and huddled in the corner, facing the doorway, waiting for Hannibal's return.

After some time had passed, Hannibal called to him, "Will. Come here."

Will quietly walked to the kitchen where Hannibal waited for him. The man was sitting in a chair in the center of the room. It was right over where the trap door blended into the floor.

Will's eyes could see the shape of it now on the floor. He had been blind to it before.

“What do you see, baby?”

Will's eyes shot up to the monster’s cold stare. “N-nothing.”

Hannibal sighed, rubbing his face with his hands, “Come here, Will.”

Will inched closer to the insane man who kept the dead in his basement. Was he just waiting for the right moment to feed Will to the beasts? He shivered, still standing out of arm's reach.

Hannibal looked annoyed, “Baby. I'm not asking again. Come here.”

Against his better judgment, he stepped forward. Hannibal took his wrist and pulled him so he stood between his legs. Hannibal held him by either arm. Will looked down at the man, but felt no power in it. In fact he felt smaller than ever.

Hannibal looked up at him seriously, “Did you leave the room earlier?”

Will bite his lip, but shook his head.

It was the wrong answer, because Hannibal released his arms and leaned back with a loud disappointed sigh.

Will felt several tears forming in his eyes. Why was he being so childish?

Hannibal crossed his arms, looking critically at Will, “I know I hear footsteps. Now either we have a heavy footed ghost, or you’re lying. Which is it?”

Will shook his head frantically. He couldn't seem to form words because he was so scared.

“I think you left the room after I specifically told you not to. Is that the truth?”

Hannibal obviously knew, so there was no point in lying. Will nodded curtly, “I'm sorry.”

Hannibal sighed, “Thank you for telling the truth. Now come here.”

Will didn't have a chance to move before Hannibal pulled him over his knee. Will gasped as he was suddenly a foot from the floor, dangling over Hannibal’s thigh. He tried to wriggle free, but Hannibal held him down.

“You’ll get five for lying and five for your earlier manners at the table. I should have spanked that attitude out of you awhile ago, but I was patient to see if you’d change.”

“No!” Will yelled, “Stop it!”

“You’ll count after each one. If you don't, I will keep spanking you until you do.”

A stinging pain flared and Will yelped. Hannibal had not hit him with his hand, no, it was a hard object. Will twisted his neck and saw Hannibal raise a large wooden spoon up before it fell with a mighty crack on his exposed thigh. His thin boxers did nothing to elevate the blow.

His hands found purchase on the floor and he tried to right himself, but Hannibal kept a firm hand between his shoulder blades. It worked to keep Will off balance, unable to stand.

“Count,” Hannibal commanded, bringing the spoon down again. And again and again.

Will screamed angrily and tried to kick Hannibal. It did nothing but earn him several more swats.

“Count–”

“One! Fine one!” Will shouted. His vision was blurred with tears streaming down his face.

Another strike–

“Two!”

Crack

“Three!”

Crack

“Four, please–”

Crack

“F–five!”

Hannibal paused, his hand coming to rest on Will's stinging bun. Will was crying, his tears dripping down his face to the floor. His arms were shaking and his whole body trembled.

“Baby, you’re being such a good boy. This will correct your behavior. No more of this lying and disobedience, baby.”

“Please stop,” Will begged.

“You have five more. You will count each,” Hannibal said calmly.

The spoon came down hard, Will yelped in pain and tried to wriggle free. His struggles only earned him more hard strikes from the spoon.

“That's more than ten now! Stop! Please stop!” Will yelled. It was unfair. Hannibal had hit him so many times.

“You will count after each one or they don't count.” Hannibal said, bringing the spoon down with a crack.

“That’s not fair!” Will cried, his tears beginning to blind him and snot choke his airways. Everything was building and pressing in. The spoon seemed to fly incessantly. Each strike bringing a new painful flare. Hannibal did not let up but continued to pelt him.

“Count, Will,” Hannibal seemed to growl.

Overwhelmed and hurting, Will conceded with a yelp, “Six!”

Crack

“Seven! Plea–”

Crack

“Eight–”

Crack

“N–nine–”

Will's struggles ceased as his sobs racked his body. The spoon came down again. And again. He couldn't open his mouth to speak. Everything was too much.

Crack

Crack

Crack

Will wailed loudly, unable to think clearly. The spanking paused and a warm hand rubbed his inflamed bottom.

“Baby, you only have one more. Come on baby, you can do this. Say ten.”

Instead of the spoon, a large palm spanked his raw cheeks. Will jerked at the new sensation. It hurt, but it was infinitely better than the spoon. Will moaned.

“There’s my good boy. You can do it baby,” The hand came down again. And again.

Will choked on his sobs, somehow this was easier– better. The warm hand rubbed circles on his cheeks before it swatted its target.

“Be a good boy, show me how good boys count,” Hannibal whispered before spanking him again.

Will’s breath stuttered in a half moan and he managed to sniffle out, “T–ten.”

“Good boy,” was the immediate praise. He was lifted and maneuvered onto Hannibal’s lap. His legs fell to either side of Hannibal as he was tucked against the man's broad chest. He hid his face under Hannibal’s rough chin, still crying but softly now. His body felt entirely limp. All his energy was sapped and he let his racing thoughts quiet.

“Shh,” Hannibal comforted, rubbing gentle circles on the small of his back. It felt good, Will felt at ease. A blissful comfort after the painful over stimulation. He allowed himself to accept Hannibal’s twisted comfort and tried not to think. If he thought too much, he’d be filled with shame.

Hannibal held him for a long while, even after his sniffling died down. Will didn't dare move or look up, knowing he'd be thrown into a mess of conflicting emotions. Hannibal just kept rubbing his back and cooing soft gentle words into his ear.

"There's my darling boy," Hannibal whispered, lightly patting Will's rump. It sent warm feelings low in his stomach. It felt good. His warm chest was so inviting to slump on. And his large capable hands were massaging his body in all the right places. And even Hannibal's gentle yet deep voice seemed to lull Will into contentment. Hannibal was making him feel so good. Will didn't know why he felt like that. He shouldn't be accepting whatever this was from Hannibal, right? Hannibal had just spanked him, afterall!

He didn't want to fight the good feeling, but he couldn't just be passive. So he squirmed in Hannibal's lap, not trying to go anywhere, but at least show the man he *did not like it* . Although that statement was unbearably false as he squirmed closer. Snuggling into the man's chest.

At his movement, Will's toes grazed the wooden floor.

The floor that hid the cages filled with undead!

Will jerked, sitting straight up in Hannibal's lap. Hannibal kept a hold of him, his hands wrapped securing around his waist. Will fisted the monster's jacket, trying to gain some essence of power. He had just been humiliated and spanked by this crazy monster who kept monster's in his basement. He couldn't let Hannibal do this even if he made him feel wonderful after.

"You have dead in the basement!" Will yelled. Hannibal's expression gave nothing away.

"You have dead!" Will repeated. He tried to shove the man backwards, but the man was an immovable force and he had little leverage in his position.

"Are you finished?" Hannibal asked when Will made little headway in getting away.

He huffed in frustration and settled on scowling and digging his nails into Hannibal's shoulders, "There's dead in your basement! Why are they down there?!"

"Will. There is nothing to be frightened of," Hannibal said calmly.

"There's dead!" Will reasoned frantically.

"They are contained. Did you not see the cages on your little spying spree?" Hannibal seemed amused.

"Why are they down there? Are you going to feed me to them?" Will was pushing away now, but Hannibal's grip was fierce and kept him on the man's lap.

Hannibal laughed then, "I did not bring you all this way to feed you to the dead."

"You're crazy! I don't know what you'd do!" Will yelled. He thought about punching the monster, but he doubted he'd succeed, the monster would see him coming a mile away. He considered biting him, but he had seen too many dead rip apart people with their fangs. No, he would not stoop so low.

"I would never hurt you, baby."

"Liar!" Will snapped. He pushed his feet against the floor, propelling himself away from the man. Will would have fallen backwards on the floor, but Hannibal seemed to anticipate the move and simply stood, hefting Will in his arms. Will screamed and thrashed but Hannibal's grip was iron as he was hauled into the bedroom.

"Let go of me!" Will screeched.

"That's quite enough, Will," Hannibal scolded before dropping him in bed.

Will didn’t have a chance to flee before his wrist was arrested in the soft leather cuff. Thankfully it was the cuff with the long lead. Will managed to scramble to his feet, standing defiantly beside the bed, “Let me go!”

“I know you’re scared, Will,” Hannibal said patiently, “I don’t think disturbing them would be wise in your state. I will take you down to them tomorrow when you’ve calmed.”

“I don’t want to! You’re going to kill me!” Will yelled.

“Will, I am not going to kill you,” Hannibal assured him, “Now, I’m going to get the dogs and you can play with them while you calm down.”

Will couldn’t say no to his dogs, so he didn’t yell insults at Hannibal’s disappearing form. He sagged on the bed, half wishing Hannibal would come back soon so he could hold him again.

Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

Warning - bit of dub-con fyi

See the end of the chapter for more notes

They didn’t mention the undead again that night.

Hannibal brought him his dogs, tails wagging and tongues giving sloppy kisses. He unlocked Will’s wrist and let him sit on the big rug in front of the fire and play with his animals.

They both seemed weary of letting the other out of their sight. So, he sat reading in the sitting chair while Will clung to his dogs, glaring reproachfully at his captor. Both, watchful guards, should Will try to sneak away again or Hannibal go release the undead.

Hannibal eventually called him to bed and he climbed in next to the man. Hannibal drew him close, not overbearing as usual, but comforting and warm. He made sure Will was pressed to his chest, with an arm under the boy’s head and another around his waist.

Will didn't try to fight it, he had wanted those arms around him, even if he hated who they belonged to. He gripped Hannibal's wrist, promising himself he’d awaken if the man tried to leave their bed.

*

“You want to kill me.” Will stood at the top of the stairs, arms crossed, refusing to move.

“Will, there is nothing to be afraid of. They are all locked in cages.” Hannibal looked clean today. He had gotten up before Will and must have trimmed his beard. Will wondered

vaguely where he could be hiding the pointy sheers. Will could find a nice home for them in Hannibal's eye socket. Maybe his gut.

Will had woken up angry. Angry that he hadn't noticed Hannibal leaving the bed. Angry that his ass was raw and red. Angry that Hannibal was so calm and dominant while he was frantic, panicky, and weak. What would his father have thought if he could see him now?

There's my boy, always knew he was a bit of a pansy.

"Why do you have them?" Will insisted, pushing away his father's word. His father was dead. The only person who could judge him now was himself. …And Hannibal... BUT Hannibal was insane, and so didn't count. AT ALL. Will was smart. And cool and collected. He could do this.

"I will tell you once we're down there, come along." Hannibal went first, stepping down onto the basement staircase.

Ok, not THAT cool and collected. No way was he willingly descending into Hannibal's basement of death. Will stepped away, but Hannibal grabbed his wrists and forced him to follow. Will bit his cheek to keep from screaming as he was dragged down into the dark.

The light flickered to life as they reached the bottom. The undead screeched as they saw their food. Will, much to his displeasure, screamed in fright and tried to bolt up the stairs, but Hannibal held him fast.

"Will, calm down. You're only making them more agitated."

"They're going to eat me!" Will yelled (Shrieked maybe the better word, but Will had his standards).

Hannibal gripped him around the waist, then threw him into deeper into the basement. Like a clumsy foal, Will stumbled and fell down – surrounded by screeching corpses. He curled in a

fetus position and hoped the end would come quickly.

Will was certain he was dead meat now (literally). But eventually the pounding in his ears settled and he could distinguish sounds other than the blood in his ears and yowls of the bodies. There was the drip of water, the clattering of chains, and the distinct sound of the ‘pop’ of a jar opening.

Will peaked through his hands. The undead were still there, all safely behind their bars. They were not paying attention to him any more. Their focus was on Hannibal who stood by a work table further in the dimly lit room with an opened jar. He held out the jar to Will.

“Want some?”

Will glanced back at the stairs, the bright and safe kitchen at the top. He thought about running.

“Are you really going to run away from some dead in cages?” Hannibal taunted.

Will whipped his head around snarling, “You’re insane having them down here.”

Hannibal shrugged, “They’re in cages, they can’t bite you unless you get too close. Now are you going to be a coward and run away?”

“I’m not a coward!” Will yelled. The undead reacted loudly, their gnashing teeth snapped at him and their arms stretched through the slots in the bars. Will screamed and crab-crawled backwards, only for his back to hit another cage and a rotting hand to grab his shirt. He screamed as he saw yellowed-white eyes lunging, and he thought he felt yellowed teeth sink into his flesh.

But it was not teeth.

Instead it was a very firm hand, ripping him from the undead's grip. He stumbled into his savior's arms, and sobbed in terror as he clung to Hannibal and hid his face in the man's chest. He felt Hannibal pick him up and deposit him on the work table. The man's calloused hands were gentle and comforting now.

"Will, you're all right. You proved you were very brave, backing right into that cell. What a brave boy," Hannibal chuckled a little bit, but stopped when Will kept crying. His boyish hands were clasping and re-clasping the front of the older man's shirt as if to get a better grip. "Will? You're fine, baby. There's nothing to cry about. Do you want some peaches? Come on now, eat some peaches, baby."

Will's crying, which had subsided some, was again interrupted when a soft sweet fruit was pushed past his lips. He considered spitting it out for a moment, but it tasted so heavenly. He chewed instead, licking his lips and chasing after the taste. Hannibal chuckled and put another slice of peach in his mouth, his worn fingers sliding into Will's wet mouth for just a moment.

"W-Wha-is that?" Will sniffled. His fists still gripped Hannibal's shirt, yet he opened his mouth eagerly for another helping. Hannibal obliged, letting the pad of his finger trail over the boy's teeth and caress his lower lip. The older man nearly groaned watching the peach disappear behind those plump lips.

"Canned peaches. Do you like it?" Hannibal asked as he placed another in the boy's mouth. He let his index finger remain inside the mouth while his thumb stroked Will's bottom lip. Eager for more of the delicious stuff and rapidly forgetting about his near death encounter, Will closed his mouth around the morsel and Hannibal's lingering finger. His bite was gentle on the soft fruits, surprised at the taste and feel of the finger. Will blinked up, not knowing what to do. Hannibal slowly withdrew his finger from the now slack boy's mouth.

Will looked up at him with wide eyes, afraid he might have broken skin when he bit down. But Hannibal was smiling down at him.

"Do you want another?" Hannibal held up another piece pinched between his index and thumb, they glistened with juice from the peach and probably Will's saliva. Will blushed at the thought, but nodded all the same.

This time, Hannibal made no effort to hide his fascination as he let his fingers push into the wet opening with another treat. Will tested it gently and found no encroaching fingers by his teeth. Instead they were tracing his lips. He chewed the morsel carefully, still staring wide eyed up at the man. He couldn't believe he was seated on a work table, surrounded by zombies, with his captor and savior standing between his legs, feeding him the sweetest fruit.

“Can you lick?” Hannibal asked, his wet thumb petting Will's bottom lip.

Will blinked confusedly up. Hannibal explained softly, “My fingers, could you help me clean them?”

Feeling guilty for having almost bitten the man’s fingers and for stupidly back right up to a zombie, Will let his tongue flick out and lap at his savior’s thumb. Hannibal groaned at the feeling. Will nervously retreated at the sound, worried he’d messed up even more.

But Hannibal cupped his face gently leaning close, “That was perfect, Will. Can you do it again?”

Will could feel the man's sticky fingers on his face. He had a lot more to do. He nodded. This time he more boldly licked at Hannibal's thumb, picking up all the sticky fruit juice.

He watched intensively as Hannibal made a small gasp at his action. Will liked the sound, feeling like he had caused the man's vulnerability. He darted his tongue back licking a long stripe from from palm to pad. He delighted in how Hannibal’s mouth fell slightly open. Staring hard he copied the man letting his mouth fall slack and open.

Seeing his openness, Hannibal's eyes darkened and he slid his entire thumb inside the hot mouth. He let the digit slowly fuck Will's mouth, never fully leaving the mouth, but rather running back and forth over Will's tongue. The boy looked slightly startled, but Hannibal cooed soft assurances and kept the boy’s face still with his other hand still cupping him, “This is perfect Will. You're being such a good boy.”

Hannibal continued the motion before wanting more. He dragged his thumb out, pulling down on Will's wet lips. Watching the lower lip bounce up when released, before

immediately inserting his long index finger inside.

“Can you suck for me?” Hannibal asked sweetly, fucking his finger across the boy's tongue as he had his thumb, “It'll be so good, baby.”

Looking doubtful, the boy closed his mouth and sucked. Will saw Hannibal's eyes roll back and the older man sighed in pleasure. Will liked how Hannibal was losing control. He applied more pressure around the finger, and Hannibal moaned. The hand cupping his face ran down his neck, and gripped him by the neck. It wasn't a choking hold, it was a desperate, *don't leave me* , hold. Will liked it. It meant Hannibal wasn't going to feed him to the zombies and maybe he’d groan some more too.

Soon, one finger wasn't enough, and Hannibal forced his other finger inside. Will took it so effortlessly, that had Hannibal shoving all four of his fingers into the boy's stretched mouth. Will gagged when the fingerspushed too far inside.

“It's okay, breathe through your nose. You're almost there.”

The boy obeyed, his lashes fluttering with nerves. Hannibal praised him. He knew his boy liked praises, “Good boy. You're taking them so good. You're sucking them so nicely. My good boy.”

Will blushed at the man's words, wondering when Hannibal’s fingers would be clean or if they had passed the line of cleaning and were getting more dirty from his mouth than before. He whined at the back of his throat. Wanting to be released, so Hannibal would just hold him against his chest.

Hannibal noted the boy's whining and his increased fidgeting. It would stop with a swift spanking. He could turn the boy over and spank him until he quieted. He would fall into a submissive state as he had the day before. Letting Hannibal maneuver him however he wished. He could probably fuck his hand into that mouth after a spanking, with absolutely no fight from Will. Not just his hand, but his cock too. Sliding in and out of the hot mouth. Hannibal’s already hard cock twitched and leaked with interest.

But he withdrew his hand and did not turn the boy over to be spanked. Never let anyone say Hannibal mistreated his things. He instead let Will collapse on his chest. Exhausted and emotionally drained. He rubbed the boy's back, cooing, “Good boy, Will.”

Will huffed into his chest, his hands still tightly fisting Hannibal's shirt.

“Can I have more peaches?” He quietly requested.

Hannibal chuckled, “Maybe later.”

The older man could feel the boy pout against his chest and finally push away. The boy wiped his eyes as if sleepy, and immediately studied the three zombies milling about in their cages.

“I thought there were more,” Will said. He had in fact envisioned a horde of zombies gathered in the cages. Now that he saw there were only three, and securely locked away. He felt foolish for being afraid.

“There sometimes are more. I bring down bitten people and let them turn down here,” Hannibal lied. He in fact took perfectly healthy *rude* people down and let them very slowly turn in agonizing torture.

But his sweet Will, who was clutching his shirt did not need to know that.

“Why?” Will asked.

Hannibal shrugged. At the beginning he had experimented. How long it took for the zombie infection to take hold. If amputation or treatment could heal the bite. But that was years ago. The true answer now, was to play god, to make something from the disgusting pigs. He had forced many of his captives to unknowingly eat the undead’s flesh. It did not turn them, only a bite would. He had feasted on the flesh since, but he preferred his meals to come from a fresh host.

“Sometimes you need a place to keep your enemies.” Hannibal explained, petting Will’s hair, “The world is a harsh place, Will. You need a place to hide it’s worst away.”

Will sunk back into chest, “Please don’t put me in one of those cages.”

“Never, baby.” Hannibal promised, “Now why don’t we go outside with your dogs?”

Will nodded and Hannibal scooped him up from the table and carried out from the dark basement.

Chapter End Notes

This story is descending into madness... :D

Chapter 12

The snow had melted from the winter sun bearing down on the roof. Which meant the gravel cover roof was filled with puddles and muddy spots. Hannibal forced Will to change into what he called *play* clothes which meant he'd allow mud stains and muddy paw prints. It was an oversized UConn sweatshirt with sweat pants and, to Will's delighted surprise, sneakers.

Hannibal trailed behind him up the attic stairs to the roof access. The day was bright and sunny and while crisp, it was warmer than it had been in weeks. Will could smell spring in the air. Hannibal locked the attic door behind them and released the gate from the green house to the main roof. Will's dogs ran to greet him. With his play clothes, Will let himself drop on the muddy roof and embrace his, as Hannibal described them, smelly dogs.

“I'll be in the greenhouse working, have fun with the dogs.” Hannibal said before letting himself into the green house.

Will let out a sigh of relief, finally alone. It wasn't like he was out of Hannibal's sight, the greenhouse had windows for God sake, but he had space. He let himself sprawl on the roof, staring at the blue sky with fluffy white clouds dotting its expanse. He tried and failed to get his dogs to lay down with him. They were much too interested in licking his face and smelling the roof.

Smiling happily as Winston nosed him impatiently, Will finally rolled up and found a stick to play fetch. His dogs were delighted. He threw the stick while they ran to retrieve it. Winston got it for the most part, the few times Buster nabbed it, the little dog would not return it and Will would have to chase the little demon around and then play tug of war to get it back.

While he enjoyed the outdoors on the roof, he also scouted around the edges of the fence lined roof, looking for any weaknesses. He found a couple of spots where the barbed wire was thin at the top, but alas, it was a steep four story drop on the other side. He investigated the gutters, wondering if he could possibly shimmy down the narrow pipe, but his captor had wrapped barbed wire up and down every pipe making it impossible to hold on to. An asshole move, honestly.

He studied the other building's roofs for any weaknesses, but they each had high mesh fencing topped with barbed wire and any edging, piping, or other sort of climbing item was covered in barbed wire.

Will huffed and threw the stick hard. Hannibal had said there was a way out from the roof. Where could it be? He looked at the attic door and got his answer, *there must be an entry into one of the other buildings that led down to the streets* . He looked out at the roof that held the chicken coop. His eyes scoured the roof, it was possible the door was hidden out of his sight or another trap door. He tried to open the gate to get onto the bridge leading to the other roof, but it was pad locked. He shook the gate and the metal rattled but did not budge.

"Will!" Hannibal had magically appeared at the entrance of the greenhouse.

Will scowled, "What?"

"Come here please." His voice booked no argument. And Will was reminded that this man kept live zombies in his inescapable fortress.

He grumbled and kicked the gravel in frustration, but ultimately stomped over to his captor.

"What!" Will hissed angrily.

Hannibal grabbed his chin, "I don't like this attitude, Will."

Will jerked away, "I'm not doing anything!"

"Do not play with me, Will. I saw you trying to open the gate. Did I tell you you could go over there?"

"You didn't say I couldn't," Will said petulantly.

“I told you you could play, not that you could try to run away,” Hannibal snarled.

“Semantics,” Will growled back.

“Would you like to discuss semantics over my knee?” Hannibal threatened.

Will huffed, but deflated, “Fine, jeez. I won't mess with it. Can I go back now?”

“No.”

“That's not fair!” Will argued.

“Quiet Will. You're going to do some chores–”

“What?! I don't want to!” Will yelled.

Hannibal grabbed his arm and pulled him inside the greenhouse. Will kicked and struggled but within 5-seconds flat he was inside. Hannibal let go of his arm and he fell hard on his butt from his own struggles. He scrambled to his feet while Hannibal bolted the door closed.

“Not fair!”

“Table now,” Hannibal pointed to the wooden work table that Will had last been spanked on a week or two ago.

Will swallowed hard, afraid to obey and afraid to disobey. He ended up dashing to the table and pressing his back against the table with his hands gripping the edges. Hannibal wouldn't

be able to turn him around without prying his rigid fingers off. He glared at the tall man daring him to try anything.

Hannibal regarded him with amusement, “You're not being punished.”

“Yeah right, monster.”

Hannibal sighed, “I’ll rephrase. You're not being spanked, unless you’d like me to?”

Will reddened, “No!”

“Then you'll do some chores. I want you to fill the watering cans for me. Pumping the water can be difficult from the roof. Watering the beds is a two person job.”

Will did not let go of the table. He did not believe Hannibal wouldn't just spin him around and spank him until his skin was raw. He glared, “Where's the watering can then?”

Hannibal pointed behind him, and Will saw several cans hanging on hooks on the wall. He’d have to turn his vulnerable backside to Hannibal to reach them easily. Instead he scooted in a wide circle, always facing Hannibal (who watched him with an amused expression), until his back hit the wall with the watering cans. He carefully took them down with one hand, always watching Hannibal. Once he had two down, one in each hand, he glared, “Where's the water?”

Hannibal chuckled and pointed towards the front where a cast iron spigot and pump stood above a wide basin to catch excess water. To reach it, Will would have to walk directly past the monster.

Will grumbled, but inched back along the wall. Hannibal crossed his arms watching in amusement as the boy shuffled sideways past him to the water spout. Will placed himself on the other side of the pump away from Hannibal.

The older man gestured at the pump, “You work on filling the cans. I will water once you have one full.”

The man disappeared behind some raised beds of broccoli, leaving him to figure out the pump. He grasped the iron handle and pulled it up and down. It was harder than it looked. And water did not rush forth.

He put one of the canisters beneath the spigot and grabbed the rod with both his hands, putting more force into the movement. He repeated the movement several more times. When he was about to give up, a small trickle of water emerged. Encouraged by the sight, he grunted and kept pumping. A small but steady stream started, as long as he pumped at a constant quick pace. If he slowed down the stream would disappear and it took even more effort to get it started.

When the can was about a third of the way full, Hannibal returned. Will immediately stopped and shuffled backwards until his ass was safe from harm. However it meant the water slowed and stopped.

Hannibal looked at the can, “Good boy. I'll need several more of these filled to complete the watering.”

He took the can and replaced it with the empty one, he waved Will to it, “Hurry up, it's easier to pour the water out then get it in.”

Will wiped his brow, glaring daggers, “Why can't I pour?”

“Because this is your punishment for trying to run away,” was the smug reply.

“But I didn't!” Will yelled.

“It's this, or I can spank you. Do you need to be spanked?” A small smile played on Hannibal's lips.

Will pushed himself further into the wall, “I don't need to be spanked!”

“I can easily change your punishment, maybe you need my hand. It would be a lot easier than all this fuss.”

Hannibal took a step towards him. Will yelped and shook his head frantically. “Don't! I'll fill the stupid watering cans! Ok?”

“Attitude,” Hannibal warned.

“I'm sorry,” Will squeaked then mumbled, “I'll fill the *nice* watering cans.”

“Good,” Hannibal looked far too pleased with himself. He strode off with the other can.

Will sighed with relief at his narrow escape and went back to the pump. It was hard work to keep the water flowing, but every time Hannibal neared, he’d back away, keeping his ass safe. He was traumatized, OK? Being spanked was basically like getting beaten. Except he really wasn't bruised. And sometimes after, it almost felt euphoric.

REGARDLESS! It was definitely traumatic and Hannibal had done it.

It definitely was NOT like he was staring at Hannibal through the beds and ogling at the way Hannibal’s hands carefully and lovingly attended each plant. He definitely did NOT drool over the sweep of the man's hair over his eyes. And he definitely did NOT flush red every time Hannibal’s eyes turned towards him.

Nope! He was just trying to save his ass.

Deep in thought about his ass and Hannibal's very capable hand, Will didn't notice the man come behind him until those hands gripped his hips and a warm body pressed all up his back.

He gave an undignified squeal and spun around, managing to knock over the watering can in the process. He backed up, hiding his rump and glaring at the man.

Hannibal chuckled, crouching down to right the fallen container, even though most of the water was now pooled on the floor. “Why are you hiding that beautiful prize from me?”

“My ass is not some prize!” Will retorted angrily.

Hannibal stood brushing dust off his pants, “You’re quite right, it's *my* prize.”

Will reddened, “Is not!!”

Hannibal raised an eyebrow and before Will knew it he was somehow pressed against that stupid table, chest down ass up.

“Hey!” He managed in protest.

A hand swatted his ass.

“Don't lie, Will.”

“Don't hit me!” Will shouted.

Hannibal let him straighten up and Will wiggled around until he was facing flushed against the man's chest, his captor's body pressing him up against the table.

"Leave me alone," Will tried to push the man back but did not succeed. His hands flapped like fish tails beating against rock. Doing absolutely nothing to help the fish (Will) get away from said rock (Hannibal).

"This," Hannibal's hands reached behind him and grabbed his ass, "Is my wonderful prize."

Will squeaked as Hannibal squeezed his "prize". Those very capable hands massaged and cupped his cheeks like they were meant to hold them.

"I–What–You can't–" Will stuttered, trying to form words when all he could feel was those daft fingers circling and gently rubbing his ass. He felt like putty in his hands.

"You'll find I can," Hannibal answered, giving him a light swat before returning to the pleasant massage.

Will blinked dumbly at the man, before trying to push away, only that just pushed his ass more firmly into Hannibal's hands. He stopped, looking up at his captor.

"What are you doing?"

Hannibal squeezed his ass before finally letting go and stepping back. Will found he almost missed the hands before his reason caught up to his feelings.

"Enjoying my prize," Hannibal answered, looking away slightly flustered.

Will was quite flushed and flustered himself. He scowled, pushing the strange feelings swirling in his stomach down. "You're being creepy."

Hannibal brushed his hair back from his face, “My apologies, Will. I was a little carried away. But, all that to say, you are mine.”

His . Which meant he could grab him and spank him whenever he felt like it. Will’s scowl deepened and any fuzzy feelings that had been lingering disappeared. He was now again thinking about possible escape routes and how to get home to Virginia.

Fuck Hannibal. And fuck his freakish hands. Will did NOT need those hands on him. He did NOT need Hannibal’s possessiveness. He did NOT need to be here.

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